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RHYMES
FROM A
SAILOR'S JOURNAL
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RHYMES

FROM A

SAILOR'S JOURNAL. .

BY

C. A. M. TABER.

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1873.

LOAN STACK

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MAIN

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

SUPPOSING it may be interesting to curious readers to know how a sailor's feelings and fancies run in his wide intercourse with nature, — especially one with a rhyming tendency, — and because it happens that such an experience is seldom heard through the press, I have selected a portion of my sonnets and other poems, written during long whaling voyages, years ago, for amusement and pastime (crude and strange as they are), to which I have added others of later date, which together compose the contents of this volume.

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RHYMES.

PROEM.

WITH common words in rhyme I've sought to tell
The aspects of the atmosphere and sea,
Which caught my eyes out on the ocean's swell,
Where all the elements were moving free.
To me they seemed at times like living forms
Possessed with passions full of working force,
With which I strove mid calms and direful storms,
While prying fancy watched their wondrous course.
Besides, I've sought in numbers to portray
My love of nature, and recall to mind
Such heartfelt incidents as often sway
The common feelings of most human kind.
Withal, I give a sketch of human thought,
Such as eventful life has in me wrought.

RHYMES

FROM A

SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

SONNETS.

TO A SWALLOW.

POOR little Swallow ! blown far out to sea,
All faint and famished, you have found my bark ;
Your weary searching now recalls to me
The dove that lonely wandered from the ark.
To you the ocean is a shoreless flood ;
Alas ! from me you can no succor gain ;
The desert air refuses to give food,
So you must die upon a hopeless main.
How strange it seems, for yonder petrel gay
Is here at home, with not so rapid wing.
How swift I've seen you o'er the fresh lake play ;
But here you are a poor, discouraged thing.
How often man a like result displays,
Cast from his sphere on unfamiliar ways.

At Sea, December, 1861. Lat. 6° S. ; Long. 9° 30' E.

TO THE MEDUSA.

O BRIGHT Medusa ! thou art to the sea
More than the lily to the summer lake ;
O'er ocean waves you sail, a cruiser free,
While clear the tints of nature from you break.

The rays of sunset, and the glow of morn,
 Illume the beauties of your azure hue :
Bright ocean gem, how bravely you adorn
 The huge blue waves that lift you up to view.
Sometimes I feel concern, to see you tost
 On raging seas, amid so much to fear ;
However frail it seems you are not lost,
 Which yields a hope in which the heart gains cheer.
Like flowers in the desert you delight,
And show that God is everywhere alike.

At Sea, December, 1861. Lat. 14° 30' S. ; Long. 10° E.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER WATCHING WHALES IN A
STORM.

GIGANTIC monsters, full of life and strength,
 How potent is your course amid the waves ;
Your white spouts shooting from your surging length,
 While dashing ocean round you wildly raves !
Your huge forms mount with ease the mountain swell
 That moves so swiftly o'er the stormy waste :
A grand and fearful ride, you do it well ;
 Thus everything is suited for its place.
No other strength but yours is fit to sport
 With ocean in its wild and grand career ;
But after all, this is your greatest forte,
 For when the storm abates, you'll come to fear :
Our wave-tost ship with you the storm outrides,
Then your best blood will stain the ocean tides.

TO THE DOLPHIN.

GAY, sprightly Dolphin of the ocean blue,
How beautiful you look in azure clear !
How graceful, proud, and brave you there pursue
The flying-fish, whose arrow flight doth steer
O'er foam-capt waves. How sudden is your spring !
Quick as the lightning's flash you overtake ;
Your golden fins are faster than the wing ;
In silver, green, and gold, you gain our wake,
O'er which the eager sailor with his spear
With true aim darts ; you are a wounded prize.
A struggling beauty on the deck you 'pear ;
The red blood mingles with your changing dyes,
While your gay life goes out in colors bright,
As pleasant days at sunset fade to night.

February 1, 1862. Lat. 10° 30' S.; Long. 4° E.

THE ICEBERG.

THE morning broke far out on ocean's tide ;
An Iceberg shone before the rising sun.
It was a thrilling sight, our bark did glide
So near, before we knew what she had done.
We changed our course so that we should go clear,
And watched the grandeur of the mountain isle ;
Along its fearful steeps, so chilling near,
The sun with splendor decked the shining pile ;
Against its base we saw the high waves dash,
The white spray sending up its giant side,
While now and then was heard a dreadful crash,
As some huge boulder made a plunging slide :
'Twas then we realized, while filled with awe,
The grand digestion of great nature's law.

April 3, 1864.

TO THE WIND.

O MIGHTY Wind ! how wonderful your course,
Thou great, life-giving agent of our world !
The wave-tost fleets at sea well show your force,
While heavy breakers on the shore are hurled.
In moving o'er the surface of our globe,
You use the clouds as garments for your form ;
Your angry spirit, in its threatening robe,
Calls out in thunder while you come to storm.
Your whirling hurricanes work direful strife,
In contrast to this soft and wooing breeze,
The very breath of nature, giving life
To ocean, sky, and land. You move with ease
The sea, and foliage world, as graceful now,
As e'er you ringlets fanned on beauty's brow.

HUMAN LIFE.

O HUMAN Life ! how ceaseless is your flow !
You struggle onward like a mighty river ;
With gravitating force you constant go
To the eternal sea that drinks forever.
Through Time's great continent we see you glide,
While countless springs your tributaries swell,
But impure channels so soon stain your tide,
It is not good that you should here long dwell.
So you move onward, on your certain course
To an eternity, to settle clear ;
For there you lose Time's rough, disturbing force.
Vast and serene your waters then appear ;
There to reflect the great Creator's might,
Or rise like vapor on some grander flight.

At Sea, January, 1862. Lat. 15° S.; Long. 6° E.

LOVELY FLOWERS.

O LOVELY Flowers ! how beautiful you grow,
Adorning wild and cultivated earth !
Your fragrant beauty every mind may know,
For you are not confined to wealth or birth.
You are so plentiful, to be allowed
To those most limited in worldly gain ;
You grace the joys and hopes of meek and proud ;
Through you the great and humble can maintain
The dignity of life ; with you they seal
A poor soul's longing for a higher sphere.
This is one cause of love we for you feel :
Another is, you crown each new-born year,
To show the bounty God will to us give,
Sweet promise of his mercy while we live.

At Sea, April 14, 1862.

LOVE'S SIMILITUDE.

My Love to me is like the moon to earth,
Attractive, gentle, beautiful, and bright.
How much I miss her on a distant berth !
But when we meet again, what a delight
To have her grace and beauty on me shine !
Without her love, my life would dim like night,
While her attractions swell this heart of mine
As swells the tide when moon and earth excite ;
And like them, too, we magnify our sphere.
To other minds our lives but dimly ray :
So earth and moon to other worlds appear,
Yet to themselves are a sublime display.
No other hearts can ever know our cheer,
Because they never can revolve so near.

At Sea, February 20, 1862.

THE RESERVE OF LOVING HEARTS.

How many know their best and dearest friends
 Are coy to demonstrate how much they feel ;
 They have a kind of modesty that tends
 To hide their sympathies ; thus they conceal
 Affection, love, and grief from making show ;
 Yes, they are careful how they break the seal
 To other minds but to such as should know ;
 And then, how much their warm hearts can reveal !
 I rather have a look from such a heart,
 Than the caresses of more showy minds ;
 For in a look a true soul can impart
 More feeling than an actor e'er defines.
 Great demonstrations oft are made to lie ;
 So in their use the truthful heart is shy.

At Sea, March, 1862.

MUSIC.

FOR many souls sweet Music has the key
 Which opes the doors of love and grief and joy ;
 What varied images our minds can see,
 While vice or virtue gives its charms employ !
 For harmony has power to move the heart
 To all its pleasing eloquence may tell ;
 For every wish its notes a zeal impart
 Increasing inclination, for its swell
 Can tell of all humanity's desire.
 It sounds religious hope and patriot fame ;
 Its thrilling strains can every passion fire.
 Ambition, love, and duty, it doth flame ;
 Arousing all, I verily believe,
 The choicest thought our souls on earth conceive.

July, 1863.

ART.

O MAGIC Art ! what wonders you create
From out the cruder substances of earth !
Thou soul of action, able to awake
The lifeless clay into a wondrous birth,
In you we see a power which garners all
The fleeting beauties of sea, sky, and land,
To hold them at your will ; thus you recall
The choicest work of nature, while your hand
Preserves the fairest forms man ever knew.
And while you crown great actions that have filled
Time's interesting round, we learn through you
A higher life ; our senses grow so skilled
That we with common things no longer plod,
But live to trace the higher works of God.

December, 1863.

TO THE SUN.

O GLORIOUS Sun ! source of light and heat,
Great heart of nature by which all things live !
Your vital warmth the whole of life doth treat,
For nature has no force but what you give.
And when the world turns toward you for day,
Creation, grateful, gives her offering ;
Land, sea, and sky, to you all homage pay ;
The universe with joy your praise doth sing, —
The ocean bright with waves, the land with flowers ;
So that our souls of heaven have a taste.
It's then we feel, in your reviving powers
The capitol of God may have a place.
If heaven is within our system found,
It seems that you must be the holy ground.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

WHILE floating down the rugged stream of life,
Mid vexing rapids and whirlpools of fear ;
'Tis sweet to gain an eddy free from strife,
Where peace and comfort mingle to give cheer.
We see life's troubled current rushing by,
While we are resting in our quiet nook,
Whose waters mirror so clear to the eye,
That earth and heaven have a kindred look ;
While pleasures bloom like lilies pure and fair,
To crown love's pleasant banks close by our side.
Thank God for such repose ! we should despair,
Forever doomed to float life's rugged tide ;
For life is vain, which constant fails to find
Kind resting-places for the heart and mind.

January 15, 1862.

OLD FRIENDS.

To meet old friends is such a blessed gain,
While memory revives old times once more !
With them the past comes to our heart and brain
More pleasingly than what it seemed before.
Then even grief is softened to a charm,
So we can speak of all with easy heart ;
For in the past our minds feel no alarm ;
Our early hopes and fears have played their part.
How easy, in our wider range of thought,
We turn a lifetime to a simple tale !
Lives that have ceased, again to mind are brought,
For memory to weigh in her true scale :
And this will be our fate, some future day ;
Then let us live so virtue may outweigh.

At Sea, March, 1862.

THE STRIFE FOR GOLD.

MEN often lose the richest charms of life

In toil for wealth, and rob their lives' whole length
Of higher joys ; what miserable strife,

To use their all — mind, body, life, and strength —
Aye, all for gold. It has its worth, but heed

How much the cost ; affection, friendship, taste,
Is sacrificed for an unholy greed,

By which true sense of justice is defaced ;
Yet this is what the worldly call success,

They that ne'er owned a sympathizing heart.
How few of life's best riches such possess !

Their eyes are blind to nature, love, and art.
Such minds, like desert air, love fountains dry ;
Their hearts like arid gold mines sterile lie.

AFFECTION AND LOVE.

WHILE my life's dawn was growing into day,

Affection like aurora was my light ;
Like morning clouds my friends were by it rayed,

Which gave my youth a most supreme delight.
Thus my young heart was held in gentle sway.

But when at puberty my sun arose,
Its more reviving light to me betrayed

A brighter charm than dawn could e'er disclose :
Fair woman's beauty then did to me show

A new and glad creation to my soul,
Which caused my heart with strange delight to glow.

A world of love to me she did unroll.
Who finds a greater joy beneath the sun,
Though wealth and reputation both are won ?

At Sea.

THE WATER-LILY.¹

BRIGHT Water-lily of the summer lake,
How beautiful reflects your white and gold !
The green leaves float around you, while you wake
Our minds to see life's symbol plainly told.
Oft human souls are planted like your beds,
Far down among the miry depths of life,
Where sins like reptiles hide their ugly heads ;
Yet they like you oft rise above the strife ;
But still, with you they cannot all compare,
But liken more the yellow lily's face,
Which sheds no sweetness on the morning air.
It does not float like you with comely grace ;
But draws its sustenance to give offense,
While your sweet fragrance charms our finest sense.

August, 1864.

CLOUDS.

O SOARING clouds ! you constant sway
Our atmosphere with grand display
Of beauty, love, or strife.
What mighty forces you can wield,
To constant rule broad heaven's field,
And fill its space with life !

Thus you have ruled since light first threw
Its glory on the vaulted blue,
Grand agents of the sun :
Oft donning robes of regal splendor,
Equipped with snow, hail, rain, and thunder,
What battles you have won !

When winter chills your airy sphere,
With burdened aspect you appear
To clothe earth's naked form.
So heavily your snows are spread,
Man's fearful life is often led
To dread your blinding storm.

As seasons change, so do your moods ;
Your rigor, which o'er winter broods,
The milder spring dissolves.
O'er her young face you smile and weep ;
With summer's charms you play and sleep ;
Your beauties autumn solves.

How cheerful, on the summer morn,
You join aurora to adorn
The day that gayly breaks ;

And o'er the lakes and rivers strow
Your misty vails, to shed the glow
Which all creation wakes.

All night unseen 'mid airy loft
Your spirits breathe their dews so soft,
To jewel earth's green robe.
The meads and groves are gemmed with skill ;
Then from the top of some high hill,
You view the sparkling globe.

How gladly grateful nature sings,
For every gift your bounty brings,
And scatters o'er her ground.
The blushing morn your love beguiles ;
With fragrant breath, and half veiled smiles,
She keeps you lingering round.

Sometimes your wide-extended wings
Soar to the peaks of mountain kings,
To turban-crown their heads.
And then perhaps you condescend
The sunny valleys to defend,
When heat too ardent sheds.

Then, how your fleeting shadows race,
While merry zephyrs, in the chase,
Are waving meadows green ;
And when they cross the sunny lake,
They for a moment swiftly take
The sparkles from its sheen.

While you so lightly float the sky
What changing landscapes you must spy,
Which our fair world displays.

What ecstasy 'twould be to float
On your light wings, and gayly note
The beauty earth portrays !

How good it seems, on summer days,
Beneath the sun's oppressive rays,
To view your higher sphere ;
So bright, above the line of snow,
The blue sky with white drifts you strow,
Our heated gaze to cheer.

High and sublime you often raise
Vast nature's dome so to our gaze
Her room looks large and grand ;
Earth's tallest mountains seem quite low,
When you display this lofty show,
Vast heaven's arch to span.

Beneath your wide and lofty dome,
What splendid paintings find a home,
In panoramic hall !
When distance brings you near the ground,
You fresco nature's room around,
Rich garnishing her wall.

For fancy's eye you fill the air
With scenes most beautiful and rare,
Where thought delights to pace ;
Exploring wide your mystic field,
What wondrous visions are revealed,
Your lofty world to grace.

Sometimes within your changing space,
The fertile brain can plainly trace
Vast piles of temples fair.

You often don the Eastern style ;
With hills and deserts, 'round the Nile,
Your vapors will compare.

Strange forms, 'in costumes of the East,
Are mounted on some wondrous beast,
To travel space like land.
Sometimes in caravans they march,
And seem to dim broad heaven's arch,
With clouds of moving sand.

Ofttimes you seem huge threatful things,
With diverse shapes and shadowed wings,
To soar along the sky.
With fancy's panoramic skill,
What depth and richness seem to fill
Those paintings of the eye.

Out on the sea you often pile,
Like islands grand, and thus beguile,
With mountains, hills, and vales.
With rocks and trees your steeps appear,
While off your headlands proudly steer
Large ships, with lofty sails.

The ancient seamen you deceived ;
Their fancies credulous believed
You were the Islands blest.
E'en now you cope with boasting skill ;
Your phantoms haunt the voyager still,
And every shore infest.

When winds are high through heaven's space,
You seem to run a tireless race,
Before the rushing gale ;

Like horses trooping o'er the plains,
You scud with flying tails and manes,
O'er city, hill, and vale.

When summer's joyful beauty reigns,
What fearful passion on you gains,
To change sweet sights and sounds !
In gloomy distance you career,
With threat'ning shapes, imposing fear
On all the region round.

How fierce the aspect of your face ;
A dreadful rage we fearful trace,
Wild writhing your dire form !
At first your thunder sounds afar,
But soon the solid earth doth jar,
While you approach to storm !

An awful giant you appear,
Equipped in all the warlike gear,
Of elemental strife.
Like gleaming swords your lightnings flash,
While loud artillery doth crash,
As danger waxes rife !

The forest trees, tost in their fright,
While vivid flashes, quick to smite,
Fill all with dire dismay !
Swift are the torrents ; loud the rattle
Of mighty forces doing battle
For elemental sway !

But when to milder moods you yield,
You use the rainbow for your shield,
Man's hopeful lands to crown ;

It's then you show a kindly power,
While from your height you gently shower
Your garnered treasures down.

The earth, refreshed, returns your gift ;
Her blooming plants toward you lift
Their pure, confiding eyes.
With grateful innocence they gaze,
And while you wing your distant ways,
Their thanks with fragrance rise.

And when the king of day retires,
In heaven's vaults you kindle fires
In honor to his grace,
Who lends his glory to your shrine,
So that your splendors far outshine
The rest of heaven's space.

The western sky is one vast stage,
Where all your richest hues engage,
To show their magic tone.
Bright canopies you spread around ;
The brilliant king of day is crowned
With splendor grandly shown.

A galaxy of angels bright
At times appear to charm the sight,
In glory so arrayed,
They give imagination work,
To guess what other beauties lurk
Beyond your grand parade.

The emulating earth aspires
To mirror tints from your bright fires,
On river, sea, and lake.

Repeating deep your blush, and gold,
While rich your tableaux wide unfold
Scenes of most glorious make.

So slow, unconscious, and serene,
Night draws her curtain on the scene,
Your beauties are decoyed.
Their splendor mingles with the shade ;
So imperceptibly they fade,
The charm is not destroyed.

How oft you coquet with the moon,
And seek to gain the happy boon
Of her sweet, winning smiles.
At times, her coyness you embrace,
While strives she, in her virgin grace,
Thus to defeat your wiles.

The watchful stars gaze on the scene,
And with bright garlands deck their queen,
Who still remains so chaste ;
While you may gain a silver ray,
To deck your head, on your far way
To regions dim and vast.

At times you loiter full in view,
And on the quiet welkin strew
Your fleecy forms to rest.
With watchful mien the moon, with care
So faithful, guards your slumbers there,
While all the air seems blest.

In midnight hours you oft invade
The moon and stars, with fearful shade ;
While vivid lightnings light

Your growling anger to the eye !
So everything appears to fly
 Before your dreadful might !

What other force can so derange
The elements, or cause such change,
 Or so impress the soul ?
In all your moods you prove sublime ;
With potency to sway each clime,
 You march from pole to pole.

The great and mighty One on high
With you has spirited the sky,
 To raise our minds from earth.
With awe and pleasure you surprise
Imagination's lifted eyes,
 While giving thoughts new birth.

At Sea, February, 1860.

THE STORM-KING.²

THE king of storms, a demon dire,
On Eastern seas had wreaked his ire,
Disturbing land and ocean's face
With strong typhoons, and filling space
With as destructive evil sway
As ever marked his dreadful way.
At length his fancy seems possessed
With a desire to take some rest ;
So, in his choice of nature's rounds,
He makes his camp on Afric's grounds,
Where life is like a monster fierce,
Civilization vain would pierce,
And nature, in her wildest moods,

A dire, destructive spirit broods.
On Kong's high range he takes his seat,
About whose heights the tempests meet,
To deeper gloom his savage claim,
And sound aloud his dreadful fame.
Along the north of this tall land
Is stretched Sahara's burning sand,
Whose drifts he moves with scorching breath,
O'er sunny regions spreading death ;
While down on Guinea's murky plains
The yellow-visaged fever reigns ;
So deadly forces seem to bound
All this destructive region round.

With death's grim force in front and rear,
The storm-king's mood strikes all with fear ;
For with the sun at equinox,
His realms are shook with thunder shocks
The elemental forces bring,
To entertain their ireful king.
Off Afric's coast he sees arrayed
As mad a host as e'er obeyed
The mandates of his fearful ire,
Which swells his rage with new desire
To march again on some campaign
Where he can more fresh laurels gain.
Wrapt in a dark and angry cloud,
Whose wreathing folds can scarcely shroud
His evil-working form within,
He takes his seat above the din,
To thunder forth his dreadful orders,
On lightning flashes through his borders.
The host of clouds beneath him spread
Are waiting only to be led
On expeditions dire and vast,
With death and ruin earth to blast.

For wide across Atlantic's zone,
The strong, law-loving trades have strown
All those disquiet clouds that make,
Within their realms such laws to break.
Like convicts banished from their home,
Those discontented spirits roam ;
Their frightful forms most direful loom,
Dark shading ocean's zone with gloom,
Delaying ships with rains and calms,
Where lightnings sound their dread alarms,
While gropes the voyager through their shades,
To gain the South Atlantic trades.
The storm-king views this dreadful force
With flashing eyes, and marks the course
That he shall take from his dark lair,
To head those furies of the air ;
So to make dire broad heaven's arch,
And ruin work in frantic march.

Far o'er the sea his eyes have scanned
A beautiful and happy land :
Fair India's isles and summer seas,
Fanned by the ocean's softest breeze,
Smile like a new-created world,
Where devastation ne'er was hurled ;
The elements move many miles
To pay their court to those bright isles ;
The winds, as tribute, waft in air,
Soft fleecy clouds, to shed the glare
The tropic sun too ardent shows ;
While ocean at their feet bestows
His choicest gems, and softly sighs
His love beneath the sunny skies ;
A world of flowers are constant grown,
And fragrant o'er the islands strown ;
Here civilization sends its fleets,

To gather rich, inviting sweets ;
They hover round the land like bees,
Their white wings spread to every breeze,
Awarding man luxurious wealth,
Besides the essences of health.
But like the rest of space below,
A painful fear those isles must know ;
For far beyond their pleasant weather
The stormy hosts have met together,
And bound themselves to march at call,
With whirlwind's wrath and angry squall.
Their stormy king, on Afric's main,
In camp no longer can remain ;
For anger swells his tempest form,
Fair India's peaceful lands to storm ;
With rage he looms o'er Afric's shore,
In shapes more dreadful than before ;
A fiend more dire ne'er was defined
In hell's dread space, to scare the mind,
Than this mad spirit looming high,
To lead his forces through the sky :
Enough of human in his shape,
So he can more completely ape,
With his dire strength, such signs of rage
As should become his stormy stage.
To shun his wrath there seems no chance ;
His red eyes wink with fiery glance,
All ready for his angry dash ;
His sharp blades from their scabbards flash,
Quick brandishing his lightning daggers,
He gives a roar that fairly staggers
The strongest elements around,
Deep jarring e'en the solid ground,
Resounding all along the line
Of his mad hosts upon the brine.
Prompt to his call his forces prove,

In anger wreathing shapes they move,
To gain a swift tornado motion,
For their grand march upon the ocean,
Where vast aerial life is driven,
Ne'er to regain its forest haven.
In this mad march across the main,
They soon a mighty force obtain.
Tall water-spouts their standards raise,
High up aloft where lightnings blaze,
Beneath whose direful banners sail
A host of squalls to swell the gale.
The storm-king's ire they all partake ;
Brave sailing barks their strong winds rake,
Quick stripping them of their staunch gear,
To leave them cripples in the rear ;
O'erwhelming too, with cruel blast,
Such frail medusæ as have cast
Their beauties on the summer wave,
To sport awhile and find a grave.

Before the storm-king's forces gain
Fair India's shores, he forms amain
The fearful hosts his thunder calls
From out the region of the squalls.
He sweeps the air with whirling force,
Subjecting, in his circuit course,
The maddest demons of the storm.
In fierce array he makes them form,
While he surveys them from the centre,
Where other furies cannot enter.
Here he preserves an awful calm,
Rife with the sights of dire alarm ;
For in this centre, waves are splashing,
All uncontrolled so wildly dashing,
While all around his mad hosts whirl,
Death and destruction fierce to hurl.

Each demon there, with fury pale,
With yells infernal swells the gale ;
The lightning's dimming, drowning thunder
Mad rending ocean waves asunder,
Their fragments strewing through the air ;
Which fairly makes the storm-king stare,
To see what fury he has wrought,
Surpassing even his mad thought.

Within the range of his dire path,
We view the victims of his wrath.
Woe to the ships that here are found,
Not well appointed, or unsound ;
For such as those all may depend,
Will find a sure and foolish end.
Poor sailors now are to be pitied,
Who are in doubtful vessels fitted :
Their relatives will soon be mourners,
Through ignorant or careless owners.

The elements seem working strange,
To give their force to disarrange
The fairest regions of the world.
Why do they lend their strength to hurl
Distress and slaughter to the space
Which they have nursed with charming grace ?
Why join the storm-king who besets
Those lovely isles, fond Nature's pets ?
Both sea and air have shown their skill
This blooming land with joy to fill ;
Beneath the moon, at even shades,
Great ocean chanted serenades ;
His loving breath bedewed soft gales,
To keep refreshed their sunny vales ;
Yet jealous somehow of their pride,
The elements their forms would hide.

For this they sent both haze and cloud,
Those ever-winning isles to shroud ;
For when the stars looked from above,
They could not help but learn to love
Those blooming isles with bowers so green,
Which sea and air would vainly screen.
For while they in the moonlight bask,
Their beauties lavishly unmask ;
And certain seasons of the year,
The love-lit stars approach so near,
While lighting up the tropic sky,
They seem with love to magnify,
And fondly gaze on those bright queens.
The winds and waters view such scenes
With jealousy and vengeful rage ;
So with the storm-king they engage,
To swell the dreadful hurricane
So madly raging on the main.

The hurricane soon comes so near
Its roar and thunder all can hear ;
The air grows dense about the land,
While ocean moans along the strand.
The sun, deep blushing, hides his head,
While all around flash lightnings red ;
Bright meteors, like rockets, burst
Throughout the space of Heaven curst.
Then from the sea, a fearful sight,
The storm-king comes, so mad to smite !
Ah ! who can tell the mighty wrath,
That marks his direful, cruel path !
The awful shock none can resist ;
His furious hands in fragments twist
The massive strength of trees and towers,
While man and beast in terror cowers.
The air is full of ruin hurled

Against a devastated world ;
The smiting storm remorseless kills,
And all the fated region fills
With death and terror. Lightnings flash
Till sense is numb, so great the crash !
The roaring seas and thunder's rattle,
So loud at first to sound the battle,
Are drowned amid the deaf'ning yell,
Death's wildest and most fearful spell !
The swift sea brine fills all the air,
The roaring blasts with madness tear
The deep, foundation of the waves
Fast strewing ocean's space with graves.
E'en death seems now a welcome guest,
Releasing horror and distress ;
For every sense is on the rack,
And devastations nothing lack !
There's no spectator in the scene,
But wretched victims naught can screen.
Life, art, and nature, all are cast
To fury's wild, destructive blast ;
Until the storm-king's ruin-cloyed,
Or naught remains to be destroyed.
Then he again the sea invades,
Swift spreading terror through the trades,
Until he meets the Gulf Stream's tide,
Whose potent waters northward glide,
To carry off the ruthless storms,
Which round the tropic region swarms.

Now watch the storm-king through his rage,
So strong from Afric to engage,
Fierce marching forth his demon host,
On India's fair, defenseless coast ;
Extending death and devastation,
So far beyond the mind's narration,

Until he gains the foolish notion,
To battle with a temperate ocean.
But in this furious attack
He's vanquished on the west wind's track,
Which sweeps across the northern sea,
To drive the waves and storms a-lee ;
His dreadful force, dispersed, is strown
Far o'er a wide and temperate zone.
Thus all can see how spiteful harms
Can overthrow luxurious charms ;
But when they strive with temperate habits,
A strength our sounder nature covets,
However strong they take the field,
They meet a force that will not yield.
But when we look on cruel ruin
The storm-fiends have been madly strewing,
And see poor wounded wretches left,
Of every living joy bereft —
Poor, helpless souls, deprived of home
With broken hearts thus left to gloam
O'er sad, destructive freaks of nature,
So seeming unjust to the creature —
O let it call out a compassion
Fit to relieve such deep depression.
Yes, let the nations rich in gain
Help to relieve their hapless pain !
And may we all have human feeling
Enough to be just in our dealing ;
Proving, amid so much disaster,
That charity is yet our master.

At Sea, August, 1860.

THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND.

DAY after day, month after month,
We cruised Pacific's main,
Contending with its calms and storms,
To take its giant game.
What deeds of courage, strength, and skill,
We did among the whales !
Besides, we rode out with success
The most destroying gales.

At length, on one bright sunny day,
The land aloft was cried ;
Each heart with wild excitement leaped,
As leaps the ocean tide ;
While in the distance magic rose,
As we swift onward steered,
An island blue from out the waves ;
Against the sky it peered.

Imagination was at work,
In picturing such sights
As South Sea sailors often see,
While fancying delights.
Our sense was soon to realize
The dreams our hearts had cheered ;
And more and more this was confirmed,
As we the island neared.

The distance in our case was not
The same as some construe ;
The nearer to the land we sailed
More fair the island grew ;
And when the white beach was revealed,
It grew a picture rare ;

Sky, sea, and land seemed to combine,
To show off nature fair.

The ocean was of azure hue,
Deep seeming as the sky ;
Its waves dashed white on coral reefs,
Which round the island lie ;
And hemmed a ring of smooth, green sea
Which bound the island's sides,
Where green vales sent delightful streams
To mingle with the tides.

'Mid shady groves beyond the beach,
The natives lived in ease,
With everything a heart could wish,
Their senses to appease :
Such fruits as tropic regions yield
Enriched each vine and tree,
And gave their plenty to the whole,
For everything was free.

High mountains rose above the scene,
With peaks sublimely tall ;
The clouds embraced their lofty forms ;
So love reigned over all.
The ocean also seemed in love,
To make the charm complete,
While each approaching billow kneeled
To kiss the island's feet.

The light canoes sprang through the surf,
To gain our vessel's side,
While every sailor from the deck,
Wild native beauty spied ;
For each canoe brought off a freight
Of maids, each one a belle,

Whose winning smiles, and lovely forms,
Of many a love-scene tell.

Our anchor down, and sails all furled,
By this enchanted isle,
I'll tell you how a native maid
My leisure pleased awhile.
She was a model for my thought ;
Each sense with pleasure thrilled,
While her fine form and native grace
My eager vision filled.

'Neath bright black eyes, her tuneful lips
Showed teeth as white as spray,
Which well became her rich brown face,
Where smiles were prone to play.
A wreath of tropic flowers she wore,
To deck her raven hair ;
About her graceful neck was hung
A string of corals rare.

Her dress, a light and wavy fringe,
Was wreathed around her waist
So all the beauties of her form
Quite easily were traced.
Her step was fearless, free, and light,
Where mountains proudly rear ;
With ease and grace she swam the surf,
Without a sign of fear.

However proud enlightened life,
It cannot blend its force
With nature's beauties, like the child
Who wields her whole resource.

For every day this maiden, bathed
In sunshine, air, and sea,
Which gave her form a healthy charm,
So graceful, chaste, and free.

How well with this bright mountain isle
Her charms seemed to compare !
'Twas nature's pure and simple life,
Devoid of worldly care.
When duty did not claim my time,
How much it pleased my mind,
To solve the pleasures of a land
Where customs did not bind.

'Mid nature's haunts, the island seemed
An Eden, pure and bright,
Where Eve had not been taught by sin
To hide her charms from sight.
In that soft clime it seemed unjust
Pure symmetry to drape ;
For what on earth's more beautiful
Than perfect human shape ?

The time thus passed on that far isle
Now sets my heart aglow !
Within the halls of memory,
No finer pictures show.
The higher range of life and thought,
Then gave me small concern ;
With minds impulsive, young, and gay,
Such things are slow to learn.

At Sea.

THE VOYAGE.

WHEN came the time to leave my home,
How many things disturbed my heart !
For I was bound the sea to roam,
Far from my boyish joys to part.
The time had come as I had willed,
And I had longed to see the day ;
But still, my heart with grief was filled,
When came the time to sail away.

My worried mind I shamed to show,
While all at home their grief displayed ;
My parents even did not know
The sacrifice my heart had made.
Thus boyish pride my grief concealed ;
It did not seem a manly trait
To have my homesick pains revealed ;
Thus silence sealed my roving fate.

I took my leave without a tear,
Yet felt as though my heart would break !
Disclosure was my greatest fear,
For filial love was all awake.
The ship soon from her anchors swung,
Far from my cherished shores to glide ;
The parting miles my bosom wrung,
For distance all home-joys would hide.

So when the ship had gained the sea,
And pilot-boat had homeward turned,
I secret wished that I was free,
So strong for home my young heart yearned ;
It seemed to break the last fond link
That bound to all I loved in life ;

But duty said I must not shrink,
Which braced my will to stem the strife.

How strange and gloomy was my mood,
The first drear days I spent at sea !
The ocean was a boundless flood,
Without a hill, or rock, or tree.
The great ship, tossing up and down
O'er rolling waves, soon made me sick ;
While apprehension's gloomy frown,
My troubled heart touched to the quick.

The voyage then loomed so drear ahead,
The prospect almost wrecked my thought ;
But still ambition onward led,
And all my troubles bravely fought.
So when stern duty called to mount
The giddy dangers of the mast,
My hopeful heart began to count
The dreary months the voyage must last.

Though pride a careless mind would feign,
For many weeks our foaming track
Was a sad road, on ocean's plain,
O'er which my mind oft travelled back.
But time, the soother of our woes,
Eased me of sea and homesick pain,
While I was learning to oppose
The many dangers of the main.

My shipmates were a motley crew,
Like most of sailors on the wave ;
The hardship of the sea well knew, —
Profane, free hearted, kind, and brave.
I found a weather-beaten face
Ofttimes possessed a noble soul ;

With such I passed the night watch space,
While thrilling deeds of skill were told.

My duties were on deck and shroud ;
To loose, and furl, and reef, and steer,
And watch the threatening wave and cloud,
And judge their boding, far and near.
I learned to capture monster whales,
While they 'mid dashing waves careered,
I learned the force of heavy gales,
As they to seamen's eyes appeared.

I saw the storm-king's dreadful host
Collected from the wide-spread trades,
To move on some devoted coast,
In fearful, devastating raids.
Our ship at times was in their path,
Contending with their raging force ;
But skill and strength rode out their wrath,
And shaped our rugged ocean course.

As we our southern course pursued,
I saw each change of heaven's arch ;
New constellations grand I viewed,
On their eternal western march.
A wondrous charm the heavens gave,
In pointing out our ocean way ;
For on the dark and threatful wave,
They made night trusty as the day.

I sailed the splendid tropic seas,
Where blue isles in the distance loom,
And silver clouds sail on the breeze,
O'er spray-topped waves in snowy bloom.
And when the sea rolled glassy calm,
The dolphin's and medusa's shine

Gave to the waves a lively charm,
While tardy sails rocked on the brine.

I saw great nature's grandest sight,
Where mountain isles on ocean stand,
The storm-clouds lifting with their might,
While sounding billows washed their strand.
Beneath their waters blue and clear,
The coral groves their branches spread ;
Our pleasure oft was fraught with fear,
While round their roaring reefs we sped.

At times, to break the gloom of night,
The bright sea-lanterns lit the deep ;
The good ship, with her trail so bright,
Sailed like a comet in her sweep ;
The whales and porpoises, around,
Like meteors shot through the space ;
The waves, with flashing, weird fires crowned,
Wild leaping ran a splendid race.

We doubled dark grim southern capes,
That stretched their towering rocks to sea,
While mountain waves in fearful shapes
Broke dreadful on the good ship's lee.
O mighty waves of southern tide,
Which roll your force around the world,
You dash to naught Niag'ra's pride,
While on grim shores your strength is hurled.

We sailed past high, dark, southern isles,
Where albatross so grandly fly,
And nature feels too stern for smiles,
And dreadful gales sweep through the sky.
We saw the southern icebergs tower
Above the sea, so awful, grand,

And felt how weak was human power,
When measured by great Nature's hand.

Thus sailed we years upon the waves,
Where strong gales blew, and currents flowed ;
Where other sailors found their graves,
Our bark through every danger rode.
With pride she skimmed through clouds and spray,
A giant bird, with wide wings spread ;
The ocean's monsters were her prey,
While gallant o'er the seas she sped.

We tested her round reef and shoal ;
True to her helm, she wound her way
By sunken rocks and breaker's roll ;
She never once did us betray.
Strong hurricanes she bravely fought,
Where water-spouts so fiercely rage ;
And gallant victories she wrought,
On ocean's wild and rugged stage.

She wafted us to tropic shores,
Green, fragrant isles that bask in light,
Where maidens gay, and luscious stores
The roving sailor's heart delight.
There in some smooth, reflecting bay,
Where towering mountains skyward rear,
Our bonny craft at anchor lay,
While nature gave our hearts good cheer.

Her homeward way she sailed with pride,
A growing pleasure to my heart ;
So when she gained my native tide,
My mind was sad from her to part ;
The threat'ning seas so long I'd read,
To guard her risky track of foam,

My heart was fairly to her wed,
So long she'd been my roving home.

While nature's ways impressed my mind,
The elements so roughly teach,
I saw somewhat of human kind,
So different in mode and speech.
Thus fate enlarged my common thought
In sailing me about the world,
Where nature in full grandeur wrought,
And all the seas and skies unfurled.

GULF WEEDS.³

WEEDS drifting free,
Far out to sea,
The only sign of earthly matter
To gladden ocean's waste of water ;

Your slender leaves'
Each billow heaves,
With golden berries, on the azure ;
To lonely voyagers' eyes a treasure !

Deep down below
You graceful grow ;
Your atmosphere the clear sea water,
Where wealth is strown in every quarter.

O'er deep sea graves
Your meek form waves ;
Mid pearls and gems you show devotion
To lonely dead, so deep in ocean.

Vales where you grow
Your end ne'er know ;
All fresh you rise to upper regions,
To float the ocean waves in legions.

Swift dolphin bright
In you delight :
You form your bowers, it seems on purpose,
For albicore, and sporting porpoise.

No other plant
Has dared to haunt
The central waves of the Atlantic,
Where ocean monsters roam gigantic.

To you, brave weed,
We trace the deed,
So we are told in ancient story,
That gained the sailor's greatest glory.

Our thought goes back
A long, dim track ;
When Colon sought the western nation,
What strength you gave his navigation.

Our western world
So secret furled,
Could the brave sailor e'er have found it,
Had you not spread strong hopes around it ?

When all signs failed,
He must have hailed
You as his hope and only cheerer,
In strength'ning faith that land grew nearer.

Each anxious day
You strewed his way ;
Enticing thus the brave beginner
To be the first great ocean winner.

Thus you did lead
One mighty deed,
Enough to make you famous ever ;
Fit wreath to crown such brave endeavor.

No plant on land
Should twine the band
To crown the brow of ocean's spirit ;
While you of all this right inherit.

Long may you ride
The rugged tide,
To graceful cheer the stormy ocean,
While strong winds set huge waves in motion.

Long may you strew
The ocean blue,
And grace the paths brave ships are sailing,
Proud victors o'er the seas prevailing.

At Sea, 1861.

OCEAN.

PART I.

VAST ocean space ! long unexplained
Your fearful rolling depth remained,
 Wide parting land from land ;
The mind of man long had to grow,
Before it could your limits know,
 Or your vast waters band.

The light of day could only view
But half your size ; your bulk none knew,
 For knowledge had not strown
Extensive rays enough to light
The whole creation to man's sight,
 Revealing your great zone.

Thus you for dreary ages rolled,
A lonesome blank, from pole to pole,
 Vast, fearful, and unknown ;
A problem hard for man to solve,
But which his soul at length resolved ;
 Then his best talents shone.

This task God gave to man, no doubt,
To draw his vast resources out,
 Of courage, skill, and strength :
For every force which had been given
To rule the world and raise to heaven,
 This problem tasked, at length.

At first, man trod your threatful shore
With timid steps, vain to explore
 The limits of your reach ;

What met his eye in that dire glance ?
Huge terrors loomed o'er your expanse,
And wild waves dashed your beach.

His fears were not so groundless, when
Your anger swelled ; he saw you then
All ready to engage
Such elements as madly meet ;
Their giant forces you would greet,
With an o'erwhelming rage.

Your charging waves in white plumes dashed,
Where fearful tempests loudly flashed
To light the dreadful fray ;
While on the dire and mighty field,
All other force to you must yield ;
You always won the day.

A force like yours none could exhaust,
For you gained strength while others lost ;
So all would yield the ground.
Your foaming chargers coursed the main,
While all spectators saw you gain
A potent sway around.

Man's mind with superstition blurred,
He fancied your dark depths were stirred
By huge destructive hosts.
He saw them delving in your tide ;
His puny strength they there defied,
And frightened all the coasts.

All fearless then your monsters roamed ;
Their white spouts shot along the foam,
Amid the spray to fade.

All free from harm, they joyous leaped,
And high in air the white foam heaped,
As they so hugely played.

The monstrous terrors of your wave
Were more than ignorance could brave ;
So your unfathomed space,
That widely parted land from land,
Knew nothing of the mind that planned
Your mighty field to trace.

Man title held from God to be
The ruler of both land and sea ;
Besides, he had the will.
But e'er he could dominion gain,
Long was the strife of fear and pain,
Which tested all his skill.

At times you would with pleasant gale
Invite man on your waves to sail,
So treacherous to smite ;
Your stormy waves oft rose so quick,
Your very motion made him sick,
In the unequal fight.

The unskilled victim of your wrath
Must drown or famish in your path ;
Thus you kept back the right
Of man to rule upon your main,
For all his strivings were in vain,
Without a higher light.

But in this contest you awoke
Man's crowning force, with which he broke
Your long terrific power ;

For tardy science, slumbering long,
Awoke at length to right the wrong ;
No longer need man cower.

This higher power called every aid,
Till terrors vanished like the shade,
While heavenly orbs so bright
Unerringly the azure ride,
And shed their cheering rays, to guide
Throughout the day and night.

With those sure guides, man left the strand,
And boldly sought for other land,
With his adventurous sails.
Rife with the force which made him soar
To other worlds to help explore,
His enterprise prevails.

Before, man cast his gaze on air,
With ignorant or stupid stare,
Or else with dire alarm.
The skies in vain their beauties lent ;
His mind with superstition bent,
He looked for naught but harm.

How long to man the moon did show
The earth's round form, amid her glow,
Which mind could not detect
Till science told what eyes discerned,
Without which man could ne'er have learned
The truths which heaven reflect.

But when true science woke the soul,
It bade the secret skies unroll,
And elements disarm.

Then o'er vast seas, of old so feared,
His searching bark safe onward steered,
Disdaining all alarm.

New isles and continents were found ;
Yet, not content, man soon sailed round
Your great and boundless sphere.
He found the earth in your embrace,
Far, unknown isles and shores he traced,
And conquered every fear.

Now man has proved his heavenly guides,
He launches fleets, and o'er you glides,
Majestic, free, and bold ;
He finds the shores your reaches bound,
His plummets your deep caverns sound,
Besides each reef and shoal.

Thus your worst fears from man have fled ;
By science and experience led,
He knows your depth and air.
His fleets take vantage of their force,
And safe pursue their distant course,
Your space his thoroughfare.

Though you may wreck man's single might,
Still you take nothing from his right ;
No more than one wave stilled
Would now be missed on your wide grounds ;
The ruling mind that sways your bounds
Is constant growing skilled.

How proud the scene for man to-day,
While swift, strong engines force their way
Against your dashing strength ;

The fastest swimmers of your space
Are left exhausted in the race,
And yield to skill at length.

Your monsters have a master found,
Since man made you his hunting-ground ;
How long did they defy !
They were the lords of your vast field ;
Yet even they to man must yield,
With all your smaller fry.

Yes, ocean, on your vantage ground,
Man's skill your monsters' forte must sound ;
They all must stand the test.
How soon your azure flood is red
With blood from your gigantic dead,
And fear is with the rest !

Your living monsters flee in fear,
When man pursues with deadly gear,
And hide in some far sea ;
But skill and boldness seek them out,
Your distant seas submit to rout ;
Man rules with title fee.

Your deep, which long divided land,
The magic telegraph doth band,
To send, with lightning's speed,
Man's messages through your abyss ;
The palsied world gains life through this,
So all your bonds are freed.

Far out at sea a brave bark rides,
Strong, swift, and graceful o'er your tides ;
Hark ! hear that thunder power !

The storm-king's voice is on the deep,
His dreadful form is roused from sleep,
All see his dark form lower.

Our bark, warned by the threatful main,
Strips for the battle, to maintain
The fearless skill of man ;
The king of storms is at his post,
Wide marshalling as mad a host
As ever mortals scan.

Look ! part are ghastly pale with rage ;
Part frowning dark, fierce to engage ;
And part in wreathing coils,
Where from each serpent-looking head,
The lapping lightning flashes red,
While ocean madly boils.

The storm-fiends with wild fury heave ;
A host more dire none can conceive ;
Hark ! they are rending off,
The shackles their worst madness bound !
The riven bolts they clash, to sound
Their frenzy high aloft !

Fierce water-spouts tall standards raise,
By strong clouds borne, amid the haze,
Who trumpet sharp and loud ;
The sea is blown like desert sand ;
Down on our bark, this hellish band
With all their terrors crowd.

They strike with a tremendous shock ;
Such force would shake the firmest rock.
While the tornado's yell

The loudest thunderbolts doth drown ;
Our bark, though deluged, holds her ground,
Amid the dashing swell.

Through labors dire, her tireless form
Contentds with the destroying storm,
Surmounting every fear ;
While marching through the raging sea,
Her sailors from all fear are free,
For victory to steer.

Full well they know the storms will cease,
Again the sea will smile in peace,
While gentle breezes charm ;
Their bark, then mistress of the wave,
Her mettled sides will fearless lave,
Secure from every harm.

How graceful o'er the sea she moves !
Her proud and gallant bearing proves
She would not yield to strife.
From curving bows the spray she flings,
Her sails move through the air like wings ;
She seems a thing of life.

This cruiser of the sea and air
With her constructor will compare,
For no one knows her end —
Her guides above, her course below,
Until beneath some fatal blow,
We see her form descend.

Like all man's work, she yields to fate,
But leaves presage like to create,
And hope on future throws ;

The magnet that has shaped her course
Is like the soul's directing force,
That no destruction knows.

This magnet power will be the guide
Of all the future fleets to glide.

So man's immortal mind
Will live to guide all future life ;
Forever growing in the strife,
How much will be defined !

Man built proud temples on the sod,
Which ages stood, huge gifts to God ;
But still they lacked the force
To draw his mind around the earth ;
His floating temples first gave birth
To our great modern course.

Our floating temples have a charm,
In cloudless night, when all is calm,
Out on the mirrored sea ;
Earth vanishes amid the glow,
All seems like space above, below —
A glorious place to be !

The ship seems like a spirit thing,
Supported by an unseen wing,
Where thought can range at will.
On such a voyage the mind is taught
Eternity, expanding thought ;
God's power the soul doth fill.

This spirit roaming proves a theme
Fit for immortals here to dream,
While it instructs the soul ;

What mighty things our minds detect !
Uncounted worlds our thoughts connect,
As heavens vast unroll.

Our thoughts then easily embrace
This world of ours, our mortal place ;
What love for it we feel !
The faithful nurse of life's first germ ;
The dear home of our mortal term ;
Eternity's great seal.

PART II.

GREAT ocean, when man floats for years
Upon your waves, amid your fears,
And your acquaintance gains,
Your works are so far understood,
He sees the universal good
The world from you obtains.

Thou great and wondrous type of life,
'Mid throes of elemental strife
Your main flood rushes warm ;
From tropic centre to the poles,
Your mighty circulation rolls
Vast wonders to perform.

Green isles are nursed in your embrace ;
And then to your warm life are traced
The rain-clouds, lavish strown ;
A vast creation's working power ;
So you can ever blessings shower ;
O'er each dependent zone.

Earth's millions now inhale your breath,
All living things you keep from death ;
 Yet many never know
What they inherit from your waves.
Man's fruitful vales would turn to graves,
 Should your life cease to flow.

Your pulsatory tide now tells
The mighty life that in you dwells ;
 From you all lands conceive,
For land alone ne'er could give birth
To teeming life which fills the earth ;
 Thus you all things retrieve.

Your power is felt amid the hills,
Your far-sent rain some river fills,
 Whose banks for bread is sown.
And while you turn the factory's wheel,
Man cannot help but think or feel
 How much to life you loan.

Your music all the regions cheer ;
From grove and rill glad tones we hear,
 You tune all nature's lays ;
Great rivers down their reaches flow,
Returning debts the highlands owe,
 With songs of grateful praise.

You furnish substance for the clouds,
Whose beauty the vast heaven crowds,
 And splendid arches bow ;
How gay they float in sunlight sheen,
To form o'er earth the grandest scene
 That man conceives below !

Oftimes beneath the summer breeze,
You show your potency to please,
 On some bright rippling bay.
Your happy face beams on the sky,
Along the shores you gently sigh,
 With coves and isles you play.

Your waves soothe all within their reach ;
The bathers hasten to your beach,
 To lie in your embrace ;
Your soft touch yields a pleasing thrill,
Through which we feel earth's love instill ;
 Her smiles are on your face.

Along the shore we hear your speech.
What noble lessons you there teach,
 From nature's works so grand !
You sermonize with power and ease,
And give impressions from your seas
 We never get from land.

With soothing hands, that naught can tire,
You sound the notes of nature's lyre :
 And in the distance tost,
Man's laden fleets, with graceful force,
You speed upon their changing course ;
 No task can you exhaust.

But when the winds have raised your rage,
You show a force that naught can gauge,
 To dash the stubborn land ;
Your breakers strike the solid shore,
Until all trembles, while you roar
 Along the foaming strand.

Your might recalls your polar war ;
A sight so fearful fills with awe
 The bravest hearts that sail ;
Amid the realms of winter's king ;
Stupendous forces he doth bring,
 With your strength to prevail.

The frost-king's castles tower on high,
And show their splendor on the sky ;
 They form a fearful line.
Then your strong arms deal potent blows,
And prove a force that overthrows,
 Though all his powers combine.

But while the frost-king's front thins out,
He shows yet stronger force to rout ;
 His glacier mountain host
For ages, like some corsair power,
Have captured clouds you sent to shower
 Upon some milder coast.

Thus they have added to their might,
And reared their heads above the night,
 To mock the far off sun ;
In borealis light they robe ;
Those cold proud robbers of the globe,
 No power on earth will shun.

And when the sun their armor lights,
An awful grandeur crowns their heights ;
 Thus they attract your rage.
Your marshaled waves then know no fear ;
With summer bringing up the rear,
 They fearlessly engage.

Unawed before the frost-king's face,
You strike his mountain rampart base,
 Until his strongholds shake ;
So when you deal a fatal lunge,
They make a most tremendous plunge,
 For your wide jaws to take.

It is a grand and awful sight !
Your jaws perform a monstrous bite
 In seizing such huge prey.
Convulsions dreadful swell around,
Before the death-growls all are drowned,
 Your hungry maw to stay.

Thus none save you can take their own
From glacier heights, the frost-king's throne.
 How easy you digest
His monster bergs, to cool the heat
The tropic sun has on you beat,
 In your world-wide unrest !

Thus you defeat the world's extremes,
While your wide agency redeems
 The earth from many harms.
All stand in awe of your great force,
And all admire your mighty course,
 So full of fears and charms.

Naught has exalted man like you ;
His contest with your rule long drew
 On his exhaustless mind ;
Although you never found its length,
You greatly added to the strength
 Of its eternal line.

Let all who sail amid your hosts,
And all who view you from the coasts,
And all in remote lands,
Have buoyancy of soul to lift
Their thanks to God for such a gift,
From his almighty hands.

At Sea, 1857.

THE AQUATIC DREAM.

ON tropical seas where my light bark was sailing,
The sun in full splendor shone warm on the deep ;
Down in the clear water his bright beams prevailing,
So all through the ocean broad daylight could sweep.

I gazed from the deck on the clear waves below me,
And let my wild fancy so lead me astray,
Like a bird in the air, I flew through the bright sea ;
What wonders I passed, as I sped on my way !

My flight took its course to a bright coral valley,
Which lay amid mountains that marked the wide space ;
I passed marine ledges where bright fishes dally,
To light amid splendors which thronged the gay place.

The spot I first sought was a vale pleasant bowered,
Which wore all the hues of an autumnal sky,
While high on its boundings vast coral reefs towered ;
How splendid and lofty they seemed to the eye !

I saw spread around me the wealth of the ocean,
Where rich tropic colors so beauteous blend ;
Like bees around flowers gay fish were in motion,
To deep marine bowers their brightness to lend.

Extending my view up the sides of the mountains,
What splendid arched grottoes bedazzled my gaze !
Their bright columns showing like shoots from clear foun-
tains,
While gems of rare beauty their cornices blazed.

It seemed to me strange, from that medium eying
The ponderous monsters which dwelt in its space ;
They moved through the water, like clouds in air flying ;
I gazed full of wonder their movements to trace.

High up in the heavens, rich freighted with treasure,
Great ships moved along with a wonderful sway ;
Their metaled breasts shone as they shot through the
azure,
Thus lighting their track as they sped on their way.

The currents move slow in that deep marine region,
But still 'twas not hushed, for there broke on my ear
Strange sounds with no echo, the noise of a legion ;
While waves' mellow swashing aloft I could hear.

Gay over this valley, like larks in the morning,
The porpoises whistled a shrill, lively air ;
The whale's coarser notes gave the cuttle-fish warning
To form their dark clouds and secrete themselves there.

The fierce shark, and killer, I saw wildly hover,
And in their swift circles, so eagerly sight
The vast schools of fishes, that vain would seek cover ;
Like flocks of wild sea-fowl, they rushed in their fright.

Those wide flooded regions, by man unexplored,
Were not like the deserts that waste the dry land,
For all its vast space was with shoals of fish stored ;
Some shining like brilliants, and some hugely grand.

It seemed to me strange that the God of creation
Should drown such vast wealth as the deep ocean
 bounds,
And thus keep removed from the eyes of all nations
The beauty and treasure that pave its vast grounds.

On gazing around o'er the objects extended,
I saw sunken wrecks, so disastrously strown,
Their consuming dead, on which love had depended,
Were everywhere scattered, like autumn leaves blown.

While musing so deep on their skeletons bleaching,
My mind soared above, to the world's higher sphere ;
I thought of affection for lost ones beseeching,
And love, purer grown by its grief cleansing tears.

I thought of the spirit that floated yet higher,
To heaven's bright regions, its fond resting-place,
Where love and affection, and all good desire,
At length find a home, so exalting to trace.

Amid the grand objects the vast waters bounded,
A huge mountain towered, majestic in light ;
Its deepest foundations had never been sounded ;
With grandeur and beauty it rose on my sight.

Upon its vast steep, like the hues of a rainbow,
The bright coral reefs with their sharp angles laid ;
Rich clusters of gems were surrounded by halo,
To light their deep caverns, where golden fish played.

Such shells as rejoice in their raiments of splendor,
Were strown o'er its borders in purple and gold :
Down shone the bright sunbeams, fresh beauty to render,
Which made this great mountain so bright to behold.

Bright glowing with grandeur this proud mountain towered,

Until its heights pierced the aerial zone ;
Then higher aloft, where the ocean mists showered,
Its tall summit mounted, majestic, alone.

I soared up its sides with the dolphin and porpoise ;
We floated on pinions light seeming as air,
While others soon joined, with the whale, and sea tortoise,
The playful, and monstrous, and gaudy, and rare.

To breathe the fresh air, to the waves we ascended ;
Where spouted and gamboled each strange marine band.

I swam to my bark, where my dream journey ended,
When lo ! the great mountain was turned to dry land.

While scanning its steeps which arose from the ocean,
I thought of its base, which its deep waters shroud,
With all the vast changes of different portions,
From its bounds in the sea, to its peak in the cloud.

While lay the great mountain on azure sea smiling,
It looked so inviting, I longed to repair
To green shady bowers, my fancy beguiling
With dreams of the sea, and its wonders so rare.

Great spirit of nature ! what beauties you've stored,
Through all the vast regions of sea, sky, and land ;
And wide o'er the whole, cheerful sunshine have poured,
Displaying the wonderful works of your hand.

At Sea, 1858.

THE SEA WORM.

My life is broadcast as the waves,
That move upon the ocean's space ;
My greedy maw forever craves
For all the driftwood on its face.

Where are the great trees that sweep down
A thousand streams from forest hills ?
They surely do not rot or drown,
Nor yet their drift the ocean fills.

Where are the thousand yearly wrecks,
The elements have cast away ;
And driven life from off their decks, —
Where are they all, the wreckers say ?

The slender gulf weeds floating free,
For whose destruction none combine,
Now strew the ocean's central sea,
Preserved by the Atlantic brine.

The salts of ocean would preserve
Its driftwood for a thousand years,
Did not my tooth so constant serve,
To clear the track the brave ship steers.

Though I may gnaw the good ship's keel,
Let no man curse my auger tooth,
Or seek my doings to repeal,
While I am working good, forsooth.

Through me alone the wide sea's foam
Is free from wrecks and floating wood ;

I bore them like a honey-comb,
And thus keep clear the sailor's road.

The mighty Gulf Stream constant moves
From New World shores, with all its drift ;
And still the beach of Europe proves
How little through my gnawings sift.

Thus through long years, from land to land,
Strong currents swept the ocean's field ;
Yet naught could float far from the strand ;
Thus I the New World long concealed.

So, through my busy working jaws,
The fate of nations has been changed ;
So curious are nature's laws,
Throughout their wide, exhaustless range.

For ages nature's forces lurk,
While toiling for a useful end,
So slow is man to note the work
On which his fates so much depend.

In every part of nature's bounds,
Vast hidden powers are working now ;
A universe of unknown grounds
Invites the mind's exploring prow.

THE NORTHEAST TRADE-WINDS.⁴

I COME from the East, where most things arise,
Of greatest import to creation,
First roaming the sands 'neath African skies,
With drought killing all vegetation ;
O'er hot desert wastes, so barren and wide,
With sand clouds and sand drifts I travel,
All o'er the drear land to Atlantic's tide,
My course showing nothing but evil.

Long reason has asked why such a wide space
Is doomed to a wild desolation ;
O ! why should it mar so much of earth's face,
In zones of the world's insolation ?
Since all time has shown a great sacrifice
Is made for all good we inherit,
That nature so rules should give no surprise,
So even the deserts have merit.

Dry dust like a smoke is borne through the sky,
The work of my hot desert marches.
I waft it to sea, all heated and dry,
Which Africa's isles often parches.
But soon this is changed ; on leaving the sand,
My strength with the ocean is married,
To work out the laws which nature has planned ;
So rain to the New World is carried.

While onward I sweep from hot desert glare,
To ruffle Atlantic's wide ocean,
The vapors I raise soon fill all the air,
While water and clouds are in motion.
Beneath the hot mist, a thousand miles wide,
The waves follow with me in billions ;

The sea fairly smokes with heat as I glide,
My breath wafting moisture to millions.

Fair India's tall isles claim part of my freight,
While making my long western travel ;
The waves, as they roll, keep pace with my gait,
Thus raising the great ocean's level.
Fast onward I go, to far western land,
For freedom's fair world, water freighting,
An almighty work, and so it's well planned, —
A fact to the world worth relating.

The currents I cause to run off the seas,
Which in the wide gulf I am heaping,
Are warming far lands the Arctic would freeze —
Warmth gained by the great desert sweeping.
For thousands of years this work I had done,
Yet man was no better or wiser,
Until Colon thought a world could be won ;
Long wished I for such a surmiser.

The great sailor took my track for his course ;
How long I had sighed for the rover !
I worked with a will his vessel to force
To the lands he so longed to discover ;
My waves bore him on so fast, that his crew,
Were cheated in distance of sailing ;
His heart kept its cheer, so steady I biew,
My force through all dangers prevailing.

I drove him to land, a land good to see,
The land of my whole consummation ;
So that the New World may give thanks to me
For aiding its civilization ;
For no other land on the face of the earth
Is nature such forces employing,

Where freedom of man receives a new birth,
All rights and all comforts enjoying.

While Mexico's swamps are drenched with my rains,
Far northward wide blessings I'm spreading ;
For each southern breeze takes all that remains,
O'er wide Northern States water shedding.
To keep off my rains no tall mountains rear,
Far west are those sky resting stations ;
All o'er the broad slope my rain clouds may steer,
A blessing to all generations.

The great western lakes, a continent's pride,
Are filled by the clouds of my making ;
'They sound forth my praise at Niagara's tide,
Whose roar sets the earth fairly shaking.
Where under the sun has labor such yield,
On land of such grand irrigation,
Designed, thank the Lord ! for freedom to wield,
The fairest and best in creation.

Now view the wide field this new country shows,
Long drained by the earth's longest river ;
All o'er its wide slopes, my labor bestows
The wealth of the great and good Giver.
With such a vast force for man working good,
Great nature makes easy our living ;
As her wonderful works are more understood,
We learn more of cause for thanksgiving.

At Sea, 1861.

KINGS OF THE WEATHER.

LONG weeks had passed of bright new year,
But still the frost-king ruled severe ;
From Delaware to Hudson's Bay,
The frozen lands portrayed his sway.
The slanting sunshine, scarcely felt,
Had little force his bonds to melt ;
The snow lay deep on plain and hill,
And northwest winds swept clear and chill,
With strong ice binding lake and river,
And causing man and beast to shiver ;
While heated hearths were in a roar,
To keep his rigor out of door.

Not satisfied to rule the land,
He sought control beyond the strand.
With bitter cold he swept the sea,
To still the waves that rolled so free.
His freezing force bound reach and bay,
Embargoing the ships that lay
Along the wharves, all rigged to roam ;
While those at sea, returning home,
Were crippled by his freezing gale,
Which made good folks on land bewail
Their o'erdue friends thus blown off shore,
With worried hearts, chilled to the core.
Their ships, assailed by frost and sleet,
Were forced to make a sad retreat,
Within the Gulf Stream's melting flow
To gain a refuge from their foe ;
Yet there the refugees soon found
Another force ruled nature's ground.

For there the storm-king made his raids,
With cloudy forces from the trades ;

Who saw the frost-king's growing power,
And how brave ships were forced to cower ;
Ships that had dared his own strong force,
And would not for him yield their course.
It seemed to him the frost-king's pride
Aspired to rule Atlantic's tide.
This was enough to rouse his ire,
And set his jealous heart on fire.
His temper, always prone to smite,
Soon showed an eagerness to fight,
In thundering his vengeful rage
For storming forces to engage.
Though far and wide his storms careered,
At his loud call they soon appeared ;
And while they came, a threatening crowd,
He sent his strongest thunder cloud
To bring their warring force in line,
Before they left their native brine.

What strength those powers of earth displayed,
While they for battle were arrayed !
The frosty king rose plain in sight,
With armor showing thick and bright.
He stood on winter's dreary hills,
Where freezing winds all nature chills,
A mighty giant, strong of limb,
With countenance pale, cold, and grim.
His eyes were glazed and cruel cold ;
The snow drifts wrapped with ample fold
His rigid form, while brilliant white
He loomed amid the freezing night.
Vast northern lights with splendid flare
Flashed o'er his head 'mid Arctic air,
And lit the ice spears in his hands,
While frost gales waited his commands.

The storm-king on the southern wave
Appeared no less imposing brave ;
His cloudy form was plainly seen,
With monstrous shape and angry mien,
High mounted on the blackest squall
E'er formed by nature to appall.
With flashing rage his fierce eyes glanced
While on his steed he gallant pranced,
To head the most o'erwhelming host
That ever moved from sea to coast.
This dreadful force of wind and rain
He soon led northward o'er the main,
High brandishing their lightning spears,
And thundering with awful cheers
Loud battle-cries of fierce attack,
Upon the frost-king's stubborn track,
Where all engaged in fearful fray
To test their elemental sway.

The frost-king bravely held his ground,
His north winds roared with dreadful sound ;
With snow and hail he formed his front
To stand the battle's awful brunt.
All bravely fought, their cause to win,
Until the frosty ranks got thin,
Which caused at last their wide defeat :
Far north they fled in wild retreat.
The storm-king with such fury rained,
His victory was well obtained ;
The thawing lands were fraught with steam,
While beating rains freed bay and stream ;
From frosty hills they stripped the snow,
And tumbled it to vales below,
Where rill and river running free,
Their broken fetters swept to sea,
Which trophies showed the grand campaign
Had broke the frost-king's tyrant reign.

The great embargo thus was raised,
On rivers, lakes, and frozen bays ;
The ships in port were free to roam,
And friends at sea came safely home.
The frost-king, driven from his grounds,
Far to the North, his proper bounds,
Could scarcely gain his former sway,
For spring was somewhere on the way,
To take control, backed by the sun,
Of lands the storm-king's valor won.

March, 1870.

THE TROPIC SEA.

It's joy to be
Far out at sea,
Where trade-winds set the waters dancing,
And waves of light are gayly glancing.

How lively gleams
Of bright sunbeams
Play o'er the water's dazzling motion ;
Each sunlit wave, a gem in ocean.

Deep azure skies
Delight the eyes
Of mariners, so gayly boating ;
While pearly clouds are brightly floating.

The fish are gay,
And full of play ;
The dolphin changing hues displaying,
And porpoises so gladly straying.

In silver white,
With pinions bright,
Like arrows shot from every quarter,
The flying-fish glance o'er the water.

Medusa frail,
With gaudy sail,
In azure, pearl, and ruby glowing,
Along the wave its brilliance showing.

On constant wing,
A tireless thing,
The petrel o'er the waves is wending,
Its plumage with the white spray blending.

Our ship, a queen,
Amid the scene
With grace and easy gliding motion,
Moves beautiful upon the ocean.

In snowy spray
Her bows doth play,
About her helm the eddies purling,
And in her track the white foam whirling.

With nature's force,
She keeps her course ;
The breeze aloft her sails are swelling,
With all she proves a pleasant dwelling.

From swaying mast,
O'er ocean vast,
The whalesman's eye is keenly gazing,
Until he sees his huge game raising.

The ponderous whale,
With slashing tail,
Above the waves the foam is heaping,
While o'er the sea his spout is sweeping.

Then sailors brave,
Quick boat the wave,
The ocean giant fast pursuing ;
Excitement eager strength renewing.

We gain his wake,
And quick o'ertake,
Our strong harpoons so skillful throwing,
While monstrous strength his rage is showing.

With lances true,
We quickly strew
His life blood on the ocean's azure ;
Each brave heart glad with conquered treasure.

What other field
Such game can yield ?
What chase on land is more exciting,
Or where is nature more inviting ?

At Sea, 1858.

THE VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.⁵

IN looking o'er man's journal of the past,
We turn where navigation makes its mark ;
The size and shape of earth were not then known
To man's intelligence ; no searching mind
Had dared to pierce the vail so mystic drawn

With clouds of ignorance, to bound its fears.
Man, ever loath to leave the beaten track,
Would not go into certain trouble far
To find a wilderness to lose himself ;
Where all the evils superstition saw,
And real dangers strove against his life.
The Old World seemed enough for all his wants ;
It had both land and sea ; an inland sea
Hemmed in by fertile shores ; and those bright shores
Sloped to the waves where rivers constant run.
The current of his mind, too, sought the sea,
For trade, and war, and fortune, and renown.
But when his enterprise led far abroad,
Then loomed the barriers by nature laid.
The East was stale to the adventurous mind ;
Its time-worn kingdoms, with their crowded life,
The goal of journeyings through dreary lands,
Gave small inducement to new enterprise ;
While on the south a torrid desert spread,
A death to hope of empire, ease, or gain :
The North was drear, and poor, and cruel cold :
The wild Atlantic from the westward rolled,
Its fearful waves, forever driving off
All who should venture to explore its waste.
Thus commerce centered on the inland sea,
So wonderful in legends told of yore,
Confined by shores where mountains throned the gods
That ruled the elements for good or harm.
The learning of the world was there content
To build its temples, pyramids, and towns,
And sail in its small way the inland seas,
For pleasure, war, or traffic all its own.
Thus mind was bound. All efforts to explore
Confirmed the truth of no inviting land,
Or other wave where man could safely sail ;
So all beyond remained a mystery,

With haunting fears, and dread of being lost.
But while thus cruising near the old confines
Man's strong imagination burst its bounds
In sighting distant islands called the blest,
The fancied Eden of creation's morn,
Which like a heaven loomed up in his soul,
And proved his longing for a larger life.
The risky Northman, venturous to sail,
Had pierced one corner of earth's mystic wall,
And found a vine-clad land far in the west.
His rugged path, icebound and dreadful cold,
Gave small inducement to the southern world.
The Northman's nature, like his Greenland whale
And bear and walrus, warmer regions shunned ;
His hardy nature chose the Iceland shores ;
There with the reindeer he preferred to dwell,
And let his grand discoveries be lost.

So years rolled on without a change of bounds ;
But in the humdrum of this ancient life,
A mind was born endowed with force to range
And sum the navigation of the world.
From olden ports, he sailed the inland seas ;
To follow, it would seem, the beaten path
Of former sailors : thus to be content,
As thousands were before him all their lives,
Content to be a copy, and no more ;
Like many now who drag the wake of time,
For everything they furnish for their minds,
A drug to all good progress of mankind,
While science draws them to a wiser world.
But while this sailor cruised old land-bound seas,
His strong ambition longed for wider space ;
His eager mind was stored with legends old,
Of ancient Eden somewhere on the earth.
This fancy led his soul to enterprise,

And put him on the grand highway of search
For something more than yet the world had found.
For this he sought the ocean's wider scope ;
The great Atlantic, with its larger waves,
His genius called to solve its space unknown.
On its rough shores he found a fitting home,
To learn what range its navigators knew
Of rumored isles beyond the western seas.
The more he learned, more strong conviction grew,
That other lands lay in the distant west.
This he would prove ; but strong Atlantic waves
And western gales his ardent hopes assailed.
He knew it would be vain to try to beat
Far into that rough sea with man's weak hopes
And fearful ignorance. The world was blind :
No other mind could see where he could see,
So none could battle with such waves on trust.
Thus pondered he upon the lands beyond,
So seeming hopelessly beyond his reach.
But when to southern seas his course was laid,
By far Madeira and Canary Isles,
He found soft eastern winds so constant blow
They cheered his heart ; for with them he could sail
On to the west, where all his hopes were turned ;
And then the western gales, prevailing north,
Would waft him back safe to his eastern home,
With wealth, and tidings of new western shores,
That he so longed to show to all mankind.
The mountain Azores with their clouded peaks,
So far out on the ocean's mystic wave,
With high Madeira, and Canaries grand,
To him were lofty props, which raised the screen
That bound the fears and ignorance of earth,
Extending hope to regions further west.
He made his home out on those distant isles,
To learn yet more of wild Atlantic waves.

He studied well all things adrift at sea,
Which had escaped the sea worm's gnawing tooth,
Which worked so constant, all unknown to man,
Devouring all the driftwood ever launched
By forest streams, through all the ancient years ;
Which vain would strew the Old World's western shores,
And hint to thought of places where they grew.
His sharp mind saw what nature would conceal ;
No eyes before, or since, have sought so keen.
Worm-eaten fragments were to him a prize ;
Or anything that drifted on the waves.
He also studied stars, and tides, and gales ;
And while the distance sank tall ships and lands,
He saw the constant curve of ocean's field ;
And when the earth's round shadow gloomy hid
The full orb'd moon, he saw a truth revealed.
His mighty genius weighed the land and sea
With reason's potent scale, and weighed them true.
He cruised far to the Northman's rugged isles,
With an inquiring mind and daring heart,
And learned the story of their western land ;
His reason saw it was no idle tale,
But a bright window opening to the west ;
So his keen eyes could pierce the mystic veil,
And see a land no other mind could see.
Thus he had certain proof his hopes were true.
And then mid trades and zephyrs, oft he planned
The track that he should go and then return.
For this he drew his charts, and shaped his mind ;
For this through anxious years he constant strove.
The mandate of our Teacher unto man,
Go over all the world God's truth to tell,
Was to Columbus Heaven's greatest law ;
This gave him heart to ponder ocean's space,
And wander o'er the lands for weary years,
Soliciting the help of prince and lord.

Yet they lacked faith to move without the gain,
While Christ's great precept shaped out his career.
At length his story came to worthy ears —
A queen who ruled to spread the Christian cause.
For this her heart was brave to do her part ;
Thus in the world's most potent enterprise,
Brave woman's love of duty took the risk
Man's cold and cautious judgment would not take.
From her Columbus gained his long-sought fleet :
Three little vessels to sail o'er the sea,
An unknown sea, a fearful ocean waste,
Which all the world had shrunk from in the past.
His fleet was manned by half-distrustful crews,
For they knew little of his studied plans.
They left the port of Palos faint at heart,
With fervent blessings for their souls and voyage.
The western winds blew heavy on their sails,
And western waves their vessels roughly beat,
To drive them back, as it had ever done
All who had sought far westward to explore.
But they had genius now to meet their strength,
Which knew the breadth of their dire beating seas.
With this the fleet sailed bravely on its course,
Toward the south where counter winds prevailed,
Until they saw the fair Canary Isles,
So grandly rising 'gainst the southern sky,
Out on the ocean, where the east winds blow :
Their main peak in the centre, Teneriffe,
Towered high above the misty floating clouds,
A fearful mountain, belching fire and smoke ;
Which scared at first, and then it gave them cheer
To know in fact the land was not all sunk
Below the world of waves ; inspiring hope
While they safe anchored to refit their ships,
And gain a resting on their daring voyage.
And then, God help them ! they again set sail,

To plunge their vessels into unknown seas.
The east winds, first reluctant, at length pushed
Them bravely on ; but when the tall lands sank,
The distant outposts of the then known world,
Their spirits also sank, and fears appalled ;
The last safe link was broken in their minds ;
The dear old world their fathers ranged so long,
With such a mystic boundary of dread,
Was left behind for fearful seas of doubt.
Day after day the trade-winds blew them on,
While ocean's waves ran constantly behind ;
And when they overtook, with bowing heads
They placed their broad, strong shoulders underneath
The heavy transoms of the tardy fleet,
And pushed them onward, seeming to rejoice
To have this novel fleet sail o'er their seas,
So long a dreary, threat'ning, unknown waste.
Thus they sailed on a constant western course ;
The course of sun, moon, stars, clouds, winds, and waves.
Hope also saw the star of empire gleam,
So potent since to shape man's western way.
Thus all combined opposed their doubts and fears.
Their homesick hearts, with constant growing fear,
With all things moved still onward to the west ;
While watched Columbus from the high pooped deck,
With astrolabe, or sounding line in hand ;
Observing everything in sea and sky,
Oft noting down the changes they revealed.
The little petrel followed in their wake,
Devoid of fear, encouraging their minds,
And while they sailed so leisurely along,
The flying-fish flew thick before their path
Like grasshoppers before a grazing herd,
While quick bonito seized the flying prey ;
At times huge whales with surging length rushed out,
And with strange spoutings roared to startled ears ;

Swift porpoises oft played around their bows ;
And then the gulf weeds, with fresh golden wreaths,
The strange sea strewed, and gave faint hearts new hope.
But they at length seemed false, yet played their part,
Alluring eager souls still further on,⁶
Which gave their chief a thousand miles clear gain.
Then they began to fear, all in their doubt,
Yet felt a sea of weeds must have a shore.
So they sailed on, a crew of frightened souls,
Not knowing what to do, between their fears,
A growing dread of being lost at sea,
Or fearing to rebel against their chief.
But when their compass varied from the stars,
Another terror adding to their voyage,
They chose the last ; for nothing could be worse
Than sailing onward to a certain death.
They were not much to blame ; all signs had failed.
The anxious lookouts, with their hopeful eyes,
Day after day had seen vast islands rise,
And hide the setting sun ; high mountain lands
With misty steeps, and well-drawn shores and capes,
To fade away in darkness ere the morn.
Each hope had fled ; so life seemed now their all.
E'en full success would not belong to them,
But to their chief, for they seemed only tools
In hands of willful pride to build a name.
Yet busy winds and waves still pushed them on,
While their great captain's heart was put to test.
Should he yield up the hopes of twenty years,
His sum of manhood, and his patron's faith ;
His years of anxious striving for that voyage ?
For he then felt himself, in that grand strife
Of yearning hope, young nature's groping hand
Then reaching forth, to feel and prove its form.
Should he, who felt he led the mind of earth,
Surrender all to grumbling coward fools ?

No, never ! while the winds and waves were fair !
So his strong soul opposed the rebel crew
With dauntless will, till mutiny was stayed.
The fear of death was not so great a force,
As was Columbus in that trying hour.
Yet while he held his constant western course,
He told his well-laid plans ; how to the north
The western winds would quickly blow them home,
When full success should seek their certain aid.
And then the gulls, true harbingers of land,
Gave them a new departure from their fears ;
Then came the landbirds from the hidden shore,
To give them hope ; a reed and bush were passed,
Sure indications of the sought-for land.
So they sailed on, still onward to the west,
And when their shining sunset path grew dim,
They furled their sails, and sang their evening hymn
With more than usual fervency and faith.
Then at the middle watch, their captain saw
Strange gleams of light flare in the midnight dark ;
Then came perfumes of flowers, borne on the breeze,
With certain warning of the longed for land.
And when the morning came, a pleasant isle,
Adorned with groves and flowers and limpid streams,
Plain to their vision lay. Then there was joy !
The man whom they reviled, while in their doubt,
Then seemed to them as heavenly inspired.
What must have been his feelings at that time,
Well knowing he had done a famous thing !
Enough to recompense his anxious years
Of hope, so long delayed by doubting men !
Then eager to explore this new-found isle,
They manned their boats to gain its gentle beach,
Where all the waves sang peaceful songs of praise,
And seemed to beckon them toward the land,
Where soon amid the gorgeous scenery,

So sweet with fragrance from a myriad flowers,
They landed, chanting hymns of thanks to God ;
While dusky natives of that pleasant clime,
In wild simplicity of nature pure,
With awe and wonder saw the strangers come,
Regarding them as beings from the sun,
The grand and glorious heaven of their souls,
Which saw all good derived from its bright source :
Yet little comprehending, when they saw
Possession taken in a formal way,
The fatal blow to nature's simple life.
The voyagers, so full of new-found joys,
Sailed in their eagerness from isle to isle,
Increasing admiration every day
Until the time had come for them to leave,
With specimens and gold to prove success.
They sailed for home, with glad yet anxious hearts.
Detained at first by doldrums on their route,
Columbus shaped his long-planned northern course,
And gained the western winds and rugged seas,
As he first saw them dashing years ago, —
So long the old world's fearful barrier.
But genius in good time puts them to use ;
Their fearful, rugged strength fast hove him on
Toward his eastern home, with awful force.
They seemed possessed with vengeful rage to strike
The home-bound fleet, which had outwit their strength,
And found the secret lands they'd hid so long.
Both ships and crews, then weak and weather-worn,
Could barely stand the pressure of the gale,
Which culminated in a dreadful storm,
The most momentous that e'er swept the sea ;
Dire threatening the clue to their new world.
So they all looked defiantly at death,
And would not yield to its destroying waves.
Their souls were strong ; their grand discovery

Nerved them to utmost human strength and skill.
Still in distress they called upon their saints,
And made their solemn vows of pilgrimage
To holy shrines, should they be spared to land.
Columbus, ever brave and practical,
Threw out his messages upon the deep,
In hopes the waves that threatened him with death
Might toss them onward to the eastern world.
But fate declared that enterprise should win ;
The sea smoothed down, and then the lookout saw
The towering Azores rise above the waves
Their crater-hollowed steeps, huge nature's bowls ;
No more the outposts of a pent-up world.
While all were glad to hail the Old World's land,
And live again with old familiar scenes.
Thus was the Old World blended with the New ;
While the uniting ever stronger grows,
Till blood and thought shall mingle into one.
So great Columbus came to gather all
The light of generations in his mind,
To work in unison with nature's laws,
And lead the timid enterprise of man
To pierce the fearful bounds by nature laid,
And raise the veil which ignorance had drawn,
And show the world what searching genius saw.
Yea, showing more than his great mind could sight ;
For through his means a continent was gained,
And Christian teaching sent to every race,
Extending wide enlightened thought and skill,
So knowledge in good time may rule supreme !

OUT WHERE THE TRADE-WINDS BRISKLY
BLOW.

OUT where the trade-winds briskly blow
Beneath a tropic sky,
Proud from the ocean's boundless tide,
Huge mountains rear on high.
There, years ago, young sailors free
For brave adventure sought,
And mid vast nature's giant scenes,
Her ocean monsters caught.

It was indeed a fitting place
For daring hearts to be,
Around such towering isles to sail,
Upon a lively sea ;
And there subdue the mighty whale,
Beneath high, rugged steeps,
Whose chasms roar with breakers strong,
And white foam constant leaps.

Those isles of towering mountain rock,
Though barren they appear,
Have fertile lands above the clouds,
In rare, clear atmosphere.
So we were tempted once to land,
And with a native guide,
Set out to scale, through clouds and mist,
The giddy mountain's side.

Vast steeps of grand and sombre hue
Reared high before our gaze,
But when from them we looked below,
Our senses seemed to maze ;

We felt the feebleness of man,
Compared with Nature's might,
While for security we grasped
The dizzy mountain's height.

But grandeur and sublimity
Soon banished all we feared ;
Great ocean waves beneath our feet
Like tiny ripples peered ;
The sea-fowl's highest flight seemed low,
When measured on the side
Of those gigantic mountain piles,
The work of nature's pride.

From that high world contrasting scenes
Our searching vision met ;
Above the clouds sweet blooming vales
In rock bound cliffs were set ;
A little world all by itself,
By lofty nature bound,
And peopled by as kind a race
As ever trod the ground.

To grace such pleasing scenery,
Gay maidens, brown and fair,
A glad reception to us gave,
For strangers there were rare.
They had an emulation, too,
To share with us their best ;
So all employed their native charms
To win a foreign guest.

With such rare hospitalities
Our gratitude was moved,
The comforts of a tropic home
Most generous were proved.

To crown such recreation,
Enchanting scenes we viewed ;
While nature's impress struck with awe,
With beauty she imbued.

There in love's bower we found ourselves
Most happy entertained,
Where birds and flowers and insect life
Rare beauties had obtained.
There we recalled each varied scene,
For nature had then shown
More grandeur to us in one day,
Than some long lives have known.

The sun shone from the western sky
Upon a plain of mist,
So every peak above that plain,
By golden rays was kissed.
Deep down below this floor of clouds
The ocean billows rolled,
In clouded light, till sunset dimmed,
Rich moonlight to unfold.

The moon shone clear o'er lofty heights
While on her heavenly way ;
Like love's bright eyes the stars shone out,
And mingled with her ray.
The polar star and southern cross
O'er silver summits showed,
While glances bright from maiden eyes
With love's sweet passion glowed.

There beauty danced beneath the moon,
And pleasure went its round,
While high above the lower world,
Our wild exploit was crowned.

It will be long ere hearts forget
The charms of that gay night,
For earth and heaven and love conspired
To give our souls delight.

But duty called upon us soon
To bid those scenes farewell ;
'Twas then we promised to return,
And longer with them dwell.
How oft, in weary hours at sea,
Their reminiscence crowds
Rife fancy with the pleasant time
We passed above the clouds !

At Sea.

JACK BROWN.

JACK BROWN had been a foreign cruise,
Which ended in a sailor's truce
From a long oceanic fight,
Which oft had tried his mind and might ;
A manly test of nature's strength,
Where courage skilled prevails at length.
Twice he had passed the cape of storms,
And met sea dangers in all forms ;
But when his ship had gained her port,
And safely moored behind the fort,
He went on shore to seek for pleasure,
Besides, to spend his hard-earned treasure,
And thus enjoy a little spree,
Just for the sake of feeling free.
He longed to ease the heavy strain
Which so long on his mind had lain ;

For Jack was drilled on a rough stage
To discipline and ocean's rage ;
While now and then his working spirit
He sought to vent, naught else would clear it.
The thoughts of which his voyage eased,
While merry fancy's drawings pleased ;
For he had never learned to study
Things profiting to soul or body.
He was a man of too much passion
For love of gain to get possession
Of his warm heart, to keep him steady.
A jolly vagrant, rude and giddy,
When free from sea and home restraint,
Although his conscience oft would paint
From memory a mother's blessing ;
But sacred thoughts are quite distressing
To one that's bound, he thinks with reason,
To serve the devil for a season.
Although to sin Jack proved so willing,
Yet he at heart was not a villain.
He'd risk his life a life to save ;
For friend or flag his heart was brave.
Men bold and free their lives to stake,
To selfish plans are slow to take.
Thus Jack, so gay and kind and bold,
Was bound to give away his gold
To any one, no matter who,
That should his inclinations woo.
The devil always has a knack
To keep such people on his track.
So Jack was led by passions rude
To drinking-houses vile and lewd,
Where sinners give out invitations
To mock our dearest love relations.
Suppose he did steer clear of sin,
There did not seem so much to win ;

Because, you see, he was a stranger,
And good folks would not risk the danger
Of helping his rude honest heart
To ward off vices on the start.
To him it seemed a strange beholder,
Good people turned a chilly shoulder.
Too many think that most religions
Are rather fond of frigid regions.
Alas, that we a heart should spurn,
When toward virtue it would turn !
The devil has more useful workers
In public ways, besides his lurkers,
So much more gay, and not so cold,
Although at times a little bold,
When woman's charms are brought to bear ;
And yet they form the surest snare.
Poor, mistaken human creatures,
Thus to employ their winning features !
How strange it is we are permitted
To have humanity so fitted,
That we can use it at our pleasure
To fill a good or evil measure !
How sad to think that woman's beauty
Should serve to gain the devil booty !
A shining bait for eager lust,
Before desire learns to distrust,
She serves awhile to cheat the eyes,
But vice soon overcomes disguise ;
Then to our minds she looks so bad
Her contemplation makes us sad.
For what is lower than a bawdy,
Profane of speech, obscene and gaudy !
Yet when we know that every city
Promotes her guilt, she has our pity.
Like sores, vile cities taint a nation,
Defiling parts of fair creation.

For in the most enlightened place
Their humors life and mind deface.
Besides exhausting nature's soil,
They doom poor lives to hopeless toil.
They prove to be the hell-gate centres
Our drifting population enters ;
Their whirlpools proving oft the graves
Of aping fools and risky knaves.
Poor woman, oft left to herself
Where passion rules with pride and pelf,
Has not the strength, if will, to row
Against such strong, subverting flow.
For fashion's whirlpools downward glide
So strong she scarce can stem the tide.
Should virtue overtaken e'er leave her,
She's soon the prey of some deceiver,
Who steers her on to ruin's centre
To invite fools like Jack to enter.
A mind not well inoculated
For all the evils man is fated,
And seeks the town, for toil or play,
May take its ills, the natural way.
Now Jack was on just such a road ;
Although his past experience showed
That there were always plots contriving,
Still he was fearless and conniving.
How many now claim virtue's place,
Whom fear alone keeps from disgrace !
Jack's mind, long used to rough the main,
Regarded danger with disdain :
And when with drink his sense was dulled,
An easy subject to be gulled.
For then his carnal nature hungers
To test the wares of evil mongers ;
In which a man is always cheated,
No matter how such things are treated ;

Because they lack in every feature
To satisfy his higher nature.
Still Jack enjoyed his spree at first,
Ignoring that the end was curst.
He sought the lowest dancing houses,
Where chronic wickedness carouses,
And sang love-songs, so blithe and hearty,
And drank success to every party.
He cheered, and reeled, and bullied rowdies,
And made pretended love to bawdies ;
And cracked his jokes, both lewd and funny,
While they were fishing for his money.
But soon his senses grew disgusted
With pleasures he should ne'er have trusted.
Like foam that only briefly cheers
The wave while strong, then disappears,
His pleasures broke in brawls and scuffles,
Or else in graceless drunken shuffles.
His last resort was a vile station
Where fiddles squeaked to dissipation,
And each external sense was hurt
With poison rum, oaths, smoke, and dirt ;
And drunken, red-eyed, bloated faces
Danced with a set of loathsome cases
Who had debased all charms of woman,
And every grace she claims that's human.
In this vile den Jack soon broke down,
And then his senses sought to drown,
The dreaded ills of dissipation
In that dark gulf, intoxication.
King Alcohol, a monster spirit,
Full well the devil's praise doth merit,
While tricking out such sins to charm,
As lead poor mortals into harm.
They serve to cheat while senses dull,
But will imagination lull

That higher part of human nature
Which raises man above the creature,
Involving him in joy or ill
As good or bad directs his will?
With Jack it failed, much to his cost.
He soon in agony was tost,
Tormented by the horrid dreamings
Of that dire hell, delirium tremens.
Yes ! Jack was wrong to take to drinking
To soothe his mind ; he was not thinking
That he had shaped a course for trouble,
Which would meet ills like capes to double.
He soon fell in with dreadful terrors,
Enough to punish all his errors.
A fearful tide his mind was sweeping
Where dangers seemed terrific heaping,
Through stormy reefs and dire disaster,
Which courage strove in vain to master.
The tremens cast him on a shore,
New scenes of horror to explore.
For when he struck its fearful ground,
He thought and felt he should be drowned ;
For where the waves would shoreward throw,
He found a fearful undertow,
Which almost overpowered his strength.
But will and skill prevailed at length ;
So he made out to gain the land,
As sad a shore as e'er was planned ;
A land full rife of fearful sights,
Where every earthly pleasure blights.
Sharp lightnings through the sky were darting,
And thunder-claps were constant starting
Dark volcanic tumbling steeps,
Where crushing boulders fell in heaps,
While earthquakes rent the solid ground,
And howling caves pierced cliffs around,

To one of which Jack had to flee,
To 'scape the breakers of the sea.
With awe he trod the gloomy place,
While blue flames lit its direful space ;
A hellish glow of evil light,
Well toned to show a horrid sight !
Jack found 'twas where Death held reception,
With torments far beyond conception.
Each dire disease his life had weathered,
In that deep, horrid den was gathered,
Rigged out, it seemed, in all the guises
In which man's nature sympathizes.
The human form is so divine
When its perfection fills the mind,
It gains the love of each spectator,
Exalting even its Creator :
Yet this same form e'en angels covet,
For all good souls can't help but love it,
The devils use, our minds to trouble,
In giving shape to fiends of evil.
Yes, man — our highest, dearest standard —
Too oft to evil has surrendered,
The most distressing ills to bear.
And yet they serve their part to scare,
In teaching man, on his probation,
How sin is torment's near relation.
Death fairly grinned, while there he reckoned
His ailing guests ; to Jack he beckoned,
For ears were more than eyes confounded,
With horrid groans which there resounded.
Jack caught the signs, his sense was quickened,
While his brave heart was fairly sickened.
Though he'd seen pain in every shape,
He ne'er had been in such a scrape,
As when Death gave him introduction
To his chief workers of destruction.

Consumption gaunt high office filled
Because he'd more than others killed ;
Yet his long neck, and narrow chest,
With kindly countenance were blessed ;
His hopeful smile to Jack seemed gracious,
For all his cough was so tenacious.
For cholera, in deep despair,
In cold sweats groaned with anxious stare ;
His face, so full of apprehension,
Told misery too deep to mention.
While yellow fever's saffron visage,
That so delights in filth to ravage,
Was retching dreadful with black vomit,
A nauseous sight ; Jack soon turned from it,
To notice faces more surprising,
Lock-jaws and fits were agonizing.
Besides, he saw poor souls depicted
With all the ills vice has inflicted ;
Poor transgressing wretches groaning,
For foolish lives of sin atoning ;
Sad frights to scare such people back,
That long to leave straight virtue's track.
Then for a change from ills degrading,
Out on the waves Death was parading
A starving, helpless, shipwrecked crew, —
Each famished face Jack felt he knew, —
In situations help defying,
Which seemed of all the scenes most trying.
Then came a troop of raging fevers,
That always court the king of terrors ;
In mortal pain they Jack surrounded,
With loud, heart-rending groans they sounded
A dismal tune for hellish dancing,
Jack's horrors dreadfully enhancing ;
For to those sounds each fiend did throw
In some distressing form of woe.

Their agonizings Jack o'erpowered ;
Yes, his bold spirit fairly cowered ;
For every fiend with horrid face
Before his vision gained a place,
Where all combined their torments shouted !
Imagination at once was routed !
The frightful shock completely scared
Jack back to reason, which compared
With the dire sights he had been dreaming,
So full of pain and horror teeming,
He swore he ne'er would try to numb
His sense with drink, whate'er might come.
Full many know those horrid dreamings
Of hell on earth, delirium tremens,
Oft take away a strong man's breath,
And leave him in the realms of death,
With no time for death-bed repentance.
Now who would like to risk the sentence
Of those who while in flesh have driven
Their souls to torment unforgiven ?

At Sea, 1859.

THE VOYAGE ALOFT.

ONE night while floating far at sea
On waters calm and bright,
The sky was clear, the moon was full,
It was a splendid night.

A host of stars shone in the sky ;
My ship was near the line ;
Bright constellations, north and south,
Reflected in the brine.

The earth seemed like a convex glass ;
A mirror, bright and round,
In which the moon could see herself
In starry scenery bound.

My ship was in its centre placed,
A novel place to be ;
With naught in sight aloft or low,
But heaven and the sea.

The planets shone serene and clear,
With such a steady light,
While fixed stars far beyond them flashed
In gold, red, green, and white.

'Twas there my mind went wandering,
Until my fancies dreamed ;
I thought I made a voyage aloft ;
How strange to me it seemed ?

I thought my limbs had power like wings,
To move with ease through space ;
No matter how the planets sped,
Their speed I could outrace.

How strange I felt to glide so free,
'Twas such a novel thing ;
While swift in circles up I sped,
To test my new-found wing.

All sense of heat and cold was lost,
While moving through the sky ;
Throughout all space my breath was free,
Where'er I chose to fly.

There was no change in things aloft,
To strike while up I gazed ;
But when I looked down to the earth,
My senses were amazed.

The mirrored circle I had left
Soon wondrous large did grow ;
Its horizon extending wide,
It spread a mighty show.

My ship looked like a little speck,
Down on broad ocean's sheen,
While islands in the distance peered,
To finish out the scene.

Yet, while I moved still higher up
To view the world's full size,
The planet I had voyaged so long
Soon filled me with surprise.

A huge round world beneath me lay,
With clouds, and sea, and land,
So softly by the moonlight shown,
It looked supremely grand.

To view its whole broadside more fair,
Still higher I did rise,
Until I saw the light of morn
Light up the eastern skies.

At first a bright thin streak appeared
Along earth's eastern limb ;
This crescent light soon wider grew,
And made the moonlight dim.

It streaked along half round the world,
Ten thousand miles of glow ;
Until the sun, which earth had hid,
Beyond its rim did show.

And as I watched this far-off morn
The crescent wider grew,
While moved the sun out from its disk,
And brought the day in view.

The world appeared so bright and large,
When by the daylight shown !
Vast continents and seas were mapped
With clear and splendid tone.

For I was where I could take in
Their vast, enormous size ;
Earth's mighty zone filled wide the space,
Mid the eternal skies.

Though I had cruised the round world o'er,
Surveying sea and land,
Yet never to my mind before
Did earth seem half so grand.

But many things looked dwarfed to me,
That once gigantic seemed ;
Wide tempests, so reduced in bounds,
In tiny flashes gleamed.

The storm clouds looked so different
From when seen from below,
Instead of looming dark and drear,
Like silver they did glow.

High mountains, which when seen from earth
Appear so awful tall,
Were, from the medium I viewed,
Reduced surprising small.

Great rivers to me narrow seemed,
Yet lengthened in their course ;
Through hills and plains and forests dark
They stretched from sea to source.

Besides, I saw where winter reigned,
White with its shining snows ;
I saw the torrid zone between,
And where the ocean flows.

The ocean spread so wondrous wide,
Its waves were all outgrown ;
While storms and pleasant weather ranged
Upon its swelling zone.

Thus each division of the world
Before my gaze was mapped ;
It was indeed a mighty scene
In which my mind was rapt.

It seemed so strange to me that man,
An atom of the ground,
Could have a mind of such extent,
To clasp the world around.

I thought of times man deemed the world
Spread out no one knew where ;
And how a voyage like this would make
His eyes with wonder stare.

And then I thought how long it took
For mind so large to grow,
Before it could take in a world,
And use it for a show.

For while I yet more distance gained,
Earth seemed a large, smooth ball,
Which a thin coat of atmosphere
Like varnish covered all.

'Twas then I realized man's bounds
Beneath this airy peel,
How near his life was bound to earth,
The distance did reveal.

For he could not go up or down,
But crept down on earth's crust ;
How slow his little movements seemed,
While creeping on the dust !

But distance soon reduced earth's bulk
To a large-sized balloon ;
It looked so round and smooth and bright,
It seemed a mammoth moon.

Its mountains were too small to show,
So land was smoothly sphered ;
While ocean coated earth so thin,
Bare spots quite plain appeared.

The sun so large and glorious shone,
Removed from worldly haze,
I sought to use my new-found power
To gain its heavenly rays.

But distance almost scared my mind,
E'en with a tireless wing,
As I flew on my skyward course,
Where naught but worlds could swing.

I passed the moon, and with surprise
I saw her features change,
For ne'er had human eyes before
Viewed her from such high range.

I saw bright Venus grow as large
As our moon to our eyes ;
While the far sun had magnified
To an amazing size.

Then to my sight I saw appear
A star of splendid make,
It moved so swift full on my course,
I felt 'twould soon o'ertake.

It bore a train of wondrous length ;
Swift on my path it flew.
As it drew near, its magnitude
Fast to my senses grew.

Its speed and splendor first amazed,
And then o'erpowered my thought,
So that I cannot well explain
How its attractions caught.

But when my senses were regained,
Naught met me but surprise ;
A new creation showed itself
To my astonished eyes.

Mid vast, o'erpowering maze of things,
I soon was led to trace
A magic world of heavenly light,
Swift travelling in space.

The star was one vast, fluid globe
Of strange celestial light,
Through which life moved with perfect ease,
Mid splendors pure and bright.

Its host of intellects appeared
With such superior powers,
When I compare them with my own,
My spirit fairly cowers.

Their forms appeared in human shape,
But greatly magnified,
With minds of such superior range,
They all seemed deified.

They moved in this transparent globe
With such delightful grace,
Their perfect symmetry of form
Was ecstasy to trace.

All grace and beauty and delight
Artistic genius shows,
Appeared in all the higher forms
Our spirit nature knows.

They grouped themselves with so much skill,
My taste with pleasure thrilled ;
While all the beauty mind conceives
My searching vision filled.

In this bright, gliding star I found
They voyaged from sun to sun ;
Its shining train served as a guide
To show the courses run.

So this swift, blazing ship of space,
Moved on its splendid sail ;
Toward the sun it moved with speed,
With all its brilliant trail.

Thus was the glorious centre gained,
Vast source of light and heat ;
While swift the planets round it spun,
Their circles to complete.

A mighty globe of wondrous light,
Large as a million worlds,
Rolled through an endless heavenly range,
On its eternal whirls ;

While round it swung the planets bright,
Swift comets went and neared,
And while they sped their varied course,
How splendidly they veered.

Vast glowing clouds, extending wide,
Like swift auroral light,
Sublimely flashed along the sky,
Most glorious to the sight.

While mid the shining atmosphere
Of this vast central globe,
Grand intellects angelic moved,
Each in a splendid robe.

Their presence wore a pleasing tone,
Like beauty clothed in grace ;
To crown the glory of their forms
Love shone in every face.

As living beams shoot from the suns
Of distant worlds above,
The virtue of their souls shone out,
And lit their world with love.

All sense and reason and delight
By them seemed easy wrought,
Which graced a world of grand designs,
Surpassing human thought.

Sweet fragrance filled their atmosphere
More exquisite than flowers,
While every place was richer crowned
Than cloud-land's sunset towers.

Grand harmonies from countless tongues,
Sweet ecstasy of sounds,
Thrilled all their splendid world of light,
Throughout its mighty bounds.

Their minds took such extended range
Through knowledge gained in light,
Vast nature's laws so far they learned,
Life proved a grand delight.

For they roamed o'er extended space,
Exploring distant spheres ;
With blazing comets for their cars
They sped their grand careers.

But still they seemed to think that they
In middle bounds were placed,
There was so much beyond and near,
Their minds had never traced.

For they could not direct a world,
Or change a comet's rounds ;
So even their superior powers
Were limited to bounds.

They made me think of man's estate,
Who knows earth's grounds outside,
While ignorance of all within
Deprives him of his pride.

Their God appeared as great to them,
As ours, which has our praise ;
So even their far-reaching minds
Were lost in heavenly maze.

Things far too vast for mind to solve,
Ten thousand times I saw
On this grand centre of the worlds
Moved by great nature's law.

For I was like the smallest gnat
That flits our earthly sky,
So even their wide searching eyes
My presence did not spy.

I even felt myself compared
To microscopic life,
When drops are magnified to worlds,
With beings filled with strife.

For this great centre swarmed with life
Of countless forms and shades ;
I felt 'twould be an endless task
To note their teeming grades.

And when I saw the shining stars
Through endless distance glow,
I felt, while looking into space,
How little man can know.

Eternity with countless suns
Loomed up before my gaze,
Till suns the whole round distance filled,
And bound my soul in maze.

And when I thought what intellects
Those constellations crowned,
All that our little world could know
Mid seas of suns was drowned.

Their systems seemed huge heavenly wheels
On which God rode through space ;
With vast, eternal thought to guide,
They rolled before my face.

I followed them till mind was lost ;
Pursuing endless light,
My soul's strong sight in distance dimmed,
Like signals in the night.

But when the earth's revolving zone
My searching vision caught,
I felt my mind still held a place
In the eternal thought.

However small the scope I took
Within the heavenly range,
I knew myself to be a part
Of its unending change.

While in this mood my vision broke ;
Again I was at sea ;
A breeze had put my mirror out,
And left me sailing free.

THE FISHING FLEET.

Off shore the fishing fleet is led
By crews who grieve with secret dread.
They grieve for those they leave in tears,
And dread the risk of ocean fears ;
For well they know
They've started on a winter sail
Where dreadful storms will sure prevail ;
Yet on they go,
Like sea-fowl, on their fishing tour,
The wealth of ocean to secure.

Their wives and mothers, while they leave,
Watch from the shore, and sadly grieve ;
They feel the dangers of the main,
For all have had some loved one slain
In that dire war,
A life's contention with the waves,
Which ends too oft in ocean graves ;
For nature's law
Will drown the brave, in honest strife,
Who sin too far in risking life.

For when the ocean's winter gales
Out on their fishing-ground prevail,
They'll find their little craft too light
To stand the fury of the fight.

 This well is known ;
For each old fisherman on deck
Knows what escapes he's had from wreck,
 Yet will not own
His brave and gallant little craft
Lacks size and strength such seas to waft.

Yet well he knows of whaling ships,
Which o'er all oceans make their trips,
For years through gales they safely ride,
And fear no storms upon the tide.

 Their strength and size
Well fit them for the stormy waves ;
All safe they ride while ocean raves,
 And fear despise.
All this the fisherman well knows ;
Still in his smack to sea he goes.

To sin 'gainst fate all men are free,
So smacks will dare the winter sea ;
But with the spring do all return,
To ease the hearts who anxious yearn ?

 No ! some will miss ;
Yes, part of that brave fishing fleet
Their loving homes will never greet,
 Fond lips to kiss.
Their craft will founder in the waves,
And loved ones find deep ocean graves.

Thus frequent wrecks sad lessons teach,
While anxious hearts watch from the beach ;
And widows with their orphans mourn,

For lives so ruthless from them torn.
But still the fleet
Now seaward turns when all is done,
And bears to sea the widow's son,
His doom to meet.
And thus man carries on a war,
So reckless, 'gainst stern nature's law.

THE OCEAN TIDES.

THE summer's day ends calm and sweet.
My native vale is glad to greet
The ocean's swelling tides, that flood
To meet the waters of the wood.
A dear uniting this to me,
Who have a loved one far at sea.
There is no charm in festive joys,
Since the deep sea my love decoys.

With my love here 'twas sweet to rove
By rock and rill and shady grove ;
Glad were the songs which cheered the vale,
Before my lover's ship set sail.
But now he's gone, my heart is faint,
And nature's song to me a plaint ;
Dull are the pleasures of the town ;
On wood and mead gloom seems to frown.

My lonely mind now seeks the shore,
More dear to me than lawn or bower ;
For each full sea that greets me here
Seems like a message from my dear.
How yearns my heart, while here I bide,
My love may come on such a tide,

And mingle his heart's joys with mine,
As fresh waves mingle with the brine.

My heart, now ebb, would swell its brim ;
How bright my earthly joys would swim !
The flow of love would trouble drown,
And cause again my heart to crown
Each lovely spot with as sweet grace,
As now beams on the ocean's face,
While here I stroll at eventide,
And wish the interval to glide.

MAY.

GREAT nature's life, fresh from its rest,
Is now at work with all its powers ;
On every hand the earth is blest
With fragrant bloom, sunshine, and showers.

The swallow twitters overhead,
And glad birds sing in blooming trees ;
The soul, delighted, now is led
To feast its senses in the breeze.

Thus all we heed beneath the sky
Is full of wonder-working life.
Great ocean sends its spawning fry
To stream and lake, while land is rife
With flowering beauty, giving birth
To the grand future life of earth.

May, 1869.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

O'ER the wide rolling waves we are sailing,
 And the pure sea breezes inhaling,
 While the foam in our track is trailing,
 As we go on gliding home :
 Sailing home, rolling home, wafting home,
 While we go on gliding home.

Our sails in the moonlight are beaming,
 While the stars high aloft are gleaming,
 And the sea is with brightness teeming,
 While we' are fast wafting home :
 Gliding home, sailing home, bounding home,
 So we go on wafting home.

When the tempest through the sky is sounding,
 And the storm-waves our lone bark surrounding,
 Brave hope in our hearts is abounding,
 For we are fast rolling home :
 Bounding home, rushing home, rolling home,
 For we are fast rolling home.

While our hearth fires at home are burning,
 And our hearts for our loved ones yearning,
 Brave hope every danger is spurning,
 While we go on wafting home :
 Sailing home, gliding home, rolling home,
 While we go on wafting home.

Our hearts with emotion are beating,
 As we think of our friends and their greeting ;
 May our voyage be auspicious and fleeting,
 While we are approaching home :
 Gliding home, sailing home, wafting home,
 While we go on gliding home.

THE WHALEMAN'S RETURN.

A WEARY voyage the whaleman spent
In roving o'er the main,
Contending with its stormy waves,
A recompense to gain ;
Weeks, months, and years had been consumed,
Besides his vessel's stores ;
So, with the spoils of a sea hunt,
Again he sought his shores.

For within each true sailor's heart
There is a magnet force,
That has attractions for his home,
Though far his ocean course.
So he had steered his pathless way
By this attractive guide,
Till by the shores of dear home land
His seaworn bark did glide.

The wind blew fair toward the shore,
And all the land was bright ;
The steeples of his native town
Rose plain upon his sight.
Yet rapture failed to sway his heart,
For it contained a fear,
While drawing near the longed-for land
That held his home so dear.

He thought perhaps his parents old,
His children, or his wife,
Or some near relative, or friend,
Had made the voyage of life.
And he might have to feel the loss
Of those his heart most prized ;

And his long cherished welcome home
Turned into grieving sighs.

The harbor gained, his feet soon trod
The unaccustomed ground,
And new sensations filled his mind,
While viewing things around.
He felt surprised when each sense came
To see the haunts long dreamed ;
Sweet resting-places for his mind,
Where love so hopeful seemed.

Old faces greeted him on shore,
Yet his fond heart felt strange ;
The présent shocked his memory
With unexpected change.
But he was glad, for he was told,
His kindred still survived ;
With joy his cottage home was gained, —
A joy so long deprived.

With strong impulse of glad surprise
His wife sprang to his arms,
And in the fullness of her heart
She wept for past alarms.
He felt both pity and delight,
While sobbings rose and fell
In her dear breast, close to his heart —
Love's most endearing spell.

And while affection gave its vent
To feelings long subdued,
Their little ones with diffidence
The tragic meeting viewed.

Yet with the trusting confidence
A mother can inspire,
They soon with little tales of love
Amused their stranger sire.

How they had changed ! the infant forms
He left long years ago
Were lost for those of larger growth ;
'Twas strange to find them so.
They tell him how grandparents are ;
How quick their young hearts knew
His deep concern for those they loved,
While their acquaintance grew !

Then to the homestead they repaired
To meet his parents dear,
Who greeted him with thankful joy,
Which gave his heart good cheer ;
For well he knew how deep and pure
Was their well-spring of love ;
While he refreshed his thirsty soul,
And thanked the powers above.

His mind was fraught with happiness,
Again to test the joys
Which a pure home held in reserve,
Free from the world's alloys.
Yes, it was good to be at home,
To feel himself thus blessed,
And ease the strain of roving life,
In its safe port of rest.

THE OLD PURITANIC BURIAL GROUND.

THE noise and glare of day have fled ;
Save lulling sounds the air is still ;
For meditation we are led
To the old grave-yard on the hill,
Where mid the evening's dreamy notes,
The sacred charm of twilight floats.

It is a lone, neglected spot ;
Its sinking graves are spread around
Their fading epitaphs, forgot,
Are slowly crumbling to the ground ;
Amid wild grass and briars they hide,
A lesson for man's earthly pride.

There is no monument of fame,
To call its worshippers to gaze,
Nor pride or wealth's display, to shame
A Christian taste for life's vain ways ;
There was no call for art to show
The merits of the dead below.

Here nature softly soothes our dread,
As we explore the grounds alone ;
While thought commingles with the dead,
Our spirits feel the sacred tone
We all should feel while senses learn
How much for death the years can earn.

Those leaning stones of time-worn age
Yet give their roll of honest names,
Who worthy filled life's humble stage ;
We stay to note their modest claims ;
How parent, husband, wife, and friend
Lived good examples to their end.

A few tame flowers yet feeble leaf,
To soon die out of nature's way,
Still call to mind the transient grief
That nursed, and left them to decay ;
Yes, grief from those old haunts has gone,
For new-made graves her tears are drawn.

Here on an old, time-faded stone,
An epitaph we yet can read,
And this is all we know of one
That preached for years God's holy creed ;
We read how well a man sustained
The godly precepts he explained.

With birth, and name, and death, we trace
That he was affable and learned,
A gentleman fit for his place ;
A spotless character he earned ;
Beloved, lamented, it was said,
Yet with his times his fame has fled.

'Twas here the Puritanic church
A century called for the good,
Who spent their lives in earnest search
To have God's precepts understood ;
Far more than wealth or fame they loved
To have salvation to them proved.

The old horseblocks that flanked its sides,
Unused and mossed for many a year,
Still call to mind their Sabbath rides,
When youth and age alighted here,
To learn such texts as best could save
Beyond the drear, consuming grave.

The dear old house has long been razed ;
The faithful hearts it used to call
To worship God in earnest praise
Have long since lain beneath their pall ;
They've gone their prayed-for joys to reap,
And left their bodies here to sleep.

Those hills and vales still bring to mind
Their homely and industrious lives.
In all the landscape round we find
Some work of theirs, in which revives
The age they lived ; their honest toil
Is plainly stamped upon the soil.

The ponded stream and orchard trees,
The lichened walls our homesteads bound,
The meadows open to the breeze,
The roads which wind the whole around,
Show what they've done ; they did not shirk,
When duty called them to their work.

The whole wide land shows how they toiled,
While striving for our common rights ;
Both kings and savages they foiled,
Through anxious years of cruel fights,
And gained a victory at last,
Which crowns the workings of the past.

However narrow in our sight,
Or bigoted, they seem to be,
Their earnestness for doing right
Was a deep keel laid for the free ;
A keel on which our ship of state
Rides strong and proud, with all its freight.

'The principles they had in view
 Are growing far beyond their thought.
 They worked for justice, firm and true ;
 So each descendant now is taught.
 The common rights of men on earth,
 Without regard to creed or birth.

Should e'er the blood of all their race
 Hold to their earnestness for right,
 With wider range of thought to grace
 Fair freedom in its growing might ;
 A sure success so plain appears,
 What glory crowns the coming years !

PATERAL DEVOTION.

WHILE I recall my early years,
 What love my recollection cheers,
 When in the picture that appears,
 I plainly see
 My honored parents, which endears
 The past to me !

Next to my mother's cherished face,
 My father's manly form has place,
 In whose loved features I can trace
 A worthy man ;
 His conduct well his sphere doth grace,
 All through life's span.

He lived an honest, toiling life,
 Exposed to all the ills and strife

For which our working world is rife,
 And bravely earned
 Support for little ones and wife,
 His chief concern.

How many brave men bear to-day
 The heavy fears which on him lay,
 And feel their loved ones' only stay
 May be weighed down ;
 While whelming ills strive for the sway,
 Home joys to drown.

Yet strong of heart, he would not yield ;
 With application for his shield,
 He bravely fought life's battle-field,
 And won the day ;
 While simple joys his home revealed,
 His toil to pay.

His infant children on him turned
 Their early love, and when they learned
 How hard he toiled, their young hearts yearned
 To give him joy ;
 How bright for him love's altar burned,
 Gloom to destroy !

If we may use affection's gauge,
 His heart grew wealthy with his age ;
 His toiling life he gave, a wage
 Such wealth to win ;
 To slight such with ambitious rage,
 He thought a sin.

The best minds feel ambition's glow,
 Yet oft their labors here below

They feel their duty to bestow
Where love depends ;
They will not check a warm heart's flow,
For worldly ends.

He saw how wealth and place were sought,
And thought them oft too dearly bought ;
His conscience shrank from being caught
By some mean thing.
To quench ambition's thirst, he sought
Life's purer spring.

How many men now known to fame,
Had their position been the same,
Perhaps would ne'er have blazed their name
On the world's ear ;
For duty oft has kept men tame,
In lowly sphere.

Although he gave me humble birth,
Yet his plain, honest, manly worth,
Which rank and riches cannot girth,
I truly prize :
And who the real salt of earth
Can e'er despise ?

Such men are sound when comes the test,
Yet oft by fate too rudely pressed ;
Still firm foundation stones, where rest
A nation's powers,
On which society is blessed,
And manhood towers.

LIZZY.

As I recall my early loves,
Sweet Lizzy rules supreme ;
Her easy grace and winning smile
Would crown a lover's dream.
Her heart so full of sentiment
Her lovely face expressed ;
In all her ways there was a charm
Which none but she possessed.

Her beauty first my fancy caught,
Her voice my ear then gained ;
Her intellect my reason won,
While taste and tact maintained
An elegance to work out charms
That pleased my very soul ;
So, with her graces all combined,
She had my heart's control.

A pleasing thrill ran through my frame
When first she read my thought,
For her bright glances saw the love
Which she had in me wrought ;
My heart was cheered to know that she
Could see her power to move,
Because I knew she had a mind
That would my soul improve.

Then what delightful walks we had,
By river, grove, and mead ;
In tracing nature's beauties out,
She always took the lead :
In every circle where she moved,
At home, in church, or hall,

Her lovely ways, good sense, and taste
Were seen supreme o'er all.

She was so watchful everywhere,
No beauties missed her sight ;
On sky, and earth, and wave she saw
Pure gleams of heaven's light ;
Each little bloom that graced her path,
She turned into a prize,
So that her love of nature's charms
Made life a sweet surprise.

Though touching ills and griefs of life
Would often give her pain,
Yet then her kind and feeling heart
Would some new triumph gain :
For her pure deeds of charity
Inspired each grateful mind
To bless her life, and render love,
That cold hearts never find.

But her dear, loving, sentient soul
Soon left this world of strife,
Her spirit, so much loved on earth,
Now fills a higher life ;
Yet she lives in my memory,
An angel bright and fair.
I often think how well with heaven
Her virtues will compare.

At Sea, November 20, 1861.

THE SUMMER NIGHT'S SEA.

O COME with me, love, let us walk by the sea,
For the summer has softened its rage ;
Land, ocean, and heaven all seem to agree
In a placid repose to engage.

The night has subdued the full dazzle of day ;
There is naught to confuse while we gaze ;
The waters reflecting each heavenly ray,
While the moon the rich landscape portrays.

Our fair world is beaming with prospects sublime,
And our love has exalted our taste,
To follow the music of nature's sweet chime,
Through the paths colder hearts ne'er have traced.

Then come with me, love, let us mingle our joys,
For all nature is working to charm ;
Each element now a sweet magic employs,
And the good have no cause for alarm.

We feel the quick blood rushing warm in our veins,
Giving life to each joy of the soul,
But still we remember that virtue has gains
For the hearts that will bear its control.

What bliss then, my charmer, your fair form to press,
For our love has so quickened our hearts !
A foretaste of heaven I know we possess,
Though we tremble from Cupid's keen darts.

Thus fraught let us gaze on the summer night's sea,
For the storm from the ocean has flown ;
The bright gliding waves move like dancers so free,
While their music by soft winds is blown.

How graceful they bound on the bright silver beach,
So enchanting the shore all around ;
Faint back to the hills their rich cadences reach,
Gently mingling with vespertine sound.

The moon-painted hills in the dim distance glow,
Sweetly blending their light with the shade
Of darker green vales, where the silver streams flow,
Softly swelling their sweet serenade.

With meekness so charming, the little vale flowers
Hang their sweet drooping heads, while the dew
From heaven's bright stars munificent showers,
So their freshness and beauty renew.

That we may enjoy every region of love,
Happy nature is breathing a tune
To raise our glad souls to the heavens above,
Where our spirits hold lofty commune.

With hearts full of love, how enchanting to range
Far away from our earth's mortal spheres !
'Tis love that completes the sweet union so strange,
Which in body and spirit appears.

Throw light on our bliss, ever glorious orbs,
With the beams of your immortal rays,
Immensity's range all but love now absorbs,
As creation its wonder displays.

O love-beaming moon, charming queen of the night,
The most lavish of nocturnal powers,
With generous grace you now share the sweet light,
Which the day-king your beauty endowers.

May we thus reflect on our lives' darkened ways,
With the love our Creator has given,
Thus bright'ning its paths like the moon's cheering rays,
Kindly lighting life's journey to heaven.

THE MUSTER DAY.

A LOVELY day on summer broke,
While nature's songsters gladly woke,
Throughout my native vale.
The river's waters brightly shone,
With early sunbeams gayly strown,
While waving in the gale.

Hills, dales, and groves, with beauty crowned,
Combined with all I saw around,
My sentient mind to please ;
On farm and village fragrance blew,
While all the land shone bright and new,
Fanned by the summer breeze.

It was a happy morn for me,
With all my senses keen and free,
And yet no cause for sorrow.
So eighteen summers made me gay ;
The trusty morn of life that day
Could joys from future borrow.

For this was on a muster day,
So I walked o'er the pleasant way
With thoughts of the review.
While sparkling meadow, cove, and brook
Such beauty on their surface took,
My love with nature grew.

Before my gaze the distance reared
Tall city spires, which then appeared
 So grand against the skies.
New aspirations in me rose,
While seeing wealth so proud disclose
 Its grandeur to my eyes.

How full of joys the future seemed !
Exhaustless in my mind they beamed,
 As I walked down the shore,
Where sloping meads their greensward spread,
And independent forces led,
 Amid the cannon's roar.

Loud bugle notes the clear air filled,
And while my ears with music thrilled,
 I watched the people come
To hear the charms of swelling sounds,
While manly forms filed o'er the grounds,
 To busy fife and drum.

While strolling through the happy throng,
With eager eyes which searched along
 Among the beauties there,
They caught the glances of a girl,
Which set my bosom in a whirl,
 She was so bright and fair.

Ah ! Martha, when you caught my eyes,
My virgin heart met with surprise
 Through your sweet form and face ;
For I had never thought or dreamed
Of beauty that so perfect gleamed
 From symmetry and grace.

Artistic skill ne'er yet impressed
Such lines of perfect loveliness
As marked your graceful form !
The strength of beauty's power was proved ;
Such magic forces from you moved,
They took my heart by storm.

For while I watched your perfect shape,
You let such potent charms escape,
My passions all were caught ;
I wondered then if you could feel
The artful forces from you steal,
Which overcame my thought.

Although each glance sent forth a spear,
My wounded heart still felt the cheer
Of beauty's magic power.
While thus my passions were employed,
I felt how hopeless they enjoyed
The charms of that brief hour.

For reason said I was too young
To cull the first sweet bloom that sprung
On youth's uncertain way ;
Yet choice and fresh my heart will keep
The bloom of love I could not reap,
Until my dying day.

More sweet than music's softest strain,
Bright Martha's graces filled my brain ;
And as her beauty ever
Its charms will work upon my heart,
So memory while time doth part,
Will keep them fresh forever.

Through fleeting years, on land and sea,
Her graceful form has haunted me
In visions fair and bright,
As I saw her on muster day,
Where she so queenly made display
Of beauty to my sight.

At Sea, 1858.

THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

HERE'S praise to thee, old apple-tree,
That stood so near the door
Which opened on a home of love,
And shaded it before.
In early spring the blue-birds came,
And sang their cheerful lay-
Upon the limb which held their nests,
Which made the household gay.

And just before your buds had bloomed,
To shed their sweet perfume,
The robins came their nests to build,
And singing to resume.
The sparrows, too, which winter's storms
Had coldly drove away,
Chirped sweetly forth their cheerful song,
Upon their native spray.

And when your blossoms first put forth,
Our swings were quickly tied
Fast to your strong and spreading boughs ;
How joyful we did ride !
Our mother watched us from the door,
Glad witness of our mirth ;

The happiness you sheltered then
Was ne'er surpassed on earth.

In summer time your cooling shade
Shed comfort round our sill,
Where we could sit the hottest days,
When every leaf was still.
Then father from his labor came
To rest beneath your shade ;
With loving wife and little ones,
His toil was richly paid.

When evening came with bright moonshine,
Beneath your branches wide
We sat, and sang our heart-felt songs,
And caused sweet hours to glide.
And when the clear, bright autumn came,
Your strong limbs bent to hold
Their wealth of luscious clustered fruit,
Which shone like burnished gold.

Those from your boughs we gathered choice,
To keep for winter's use ;
While part we pressed for their rich wine —
It was a precious juice.
And when cold winter closed our door,
How pleasant 'twas to meet
In cozy converse round the fire,
While you supplied our treat.

When older grown, gay sleigh bells rang
Beneath your boughs so free ;
Then young folks met to pass the time,
So full of life and glee.
Your fruit and cider was brought on,
Which all our joys enhanced,

Mid repartees of wit and mirth,
While love betrayed its glance.

With all those scenes in memory,
What other wood e'er grew
That can afford one half the joys
Which you so lavish strew !
Long life to thee, old apple-tree,
Which in all seasons brought
A comfort to my dear loved home,
And now so cheers my thought !

October 10, 1860. Lat. 13° 30' N.; Long. 37° 30' W.

THE HUSKING.

THE autumn moon shone bright as day ;
The neighbors were invited
To help the squire whose harvest lay
Before the barn ; the ground was gay
With corn heaps huge : 'twas a display
That every eye delighted.

The husking field was on the rise
That slopes down to the river,
On which a busy grist mill plies.
A church and school-house greet the eyes,
Beyond the pond that mocks the skies
In clear, still autumn weather.

Each young heart with impatience beat
To join the husking party ;
The squire was famous for a treat,
And all the country maids would meet,

And in the moonlight smiling greet
The young men gay and hearty.

Our chores all done, with brisk delight
We saw the huskers rally.
Hill, vale, and river charmed our sight ;
The groves with recent frost looked bright,
While moon and stars ne'er gave more light
Than then illumed our valley.

A merry row we young folks showed ;
The corn cobs cracked before us ;
With cheering songs the cider flowed ;
The golden ears in heaps we stowed,
Which in the moonlight brightly glowed,
While all joined in the chorus.

Near by our row the older guests
Were taking not less pleasure,
To know the season had been blessed ;
Each heart gained pleasure from the rest,
In pleasing news or happy jest,
While nature gave her treasure.

We forfeits paid for each red ear,
Among us lads and lasses ;
All hearts were merry with good cheer,
While they that listened plain could hear
Love kisses given without fear,
Amid the rustling masses.

I had my eye on one bright maid, —
She was the squire's relation, —
And ne'er was pastime better paid ;
For when a red ear to her strayed,
Her blushing face at once betrayed,
I thought, an invitation.

Like thought I sprang to take my prize,
 So tempting, from the maiden.
It was indeed a rich surprise ;
Love drew such sweets from mouth and eyes,
My feasting lips were slow to rise,
 Like bees when honey laden.

We both were conscious in that kiss
 We felt a new sensation ;
Our hearts had tasted such sweet bliss
It called for an analysis,
So after that this lovely Miss
 Was my chief contemplation.

Beyond the husk-heaps in our rear
 The farm-house stood inviting,
Beneath the moon and stars so clear ;
So when each husk had lost an ear,
We all enjoyed its ample cheer,
 While country sports reciting.

And when our merry feast was done
 And girls were homeward going,
Each beau sought out the maid whose fun
A rival's kiss had sought to shun,
And thus betrayed her heart was won,
 While love was overflowing.

I sought the girl that kissed so well,
 A kiss my heart now treasures ;
On that bright night I love to dwell ;
Love ruled so happy for a spell
It moves me even now to tell
 My early country pleasures.

At Sea.

THE DANDELION.

EARTH's dreary form is hardly hid
Behind the robes of spring,
When your bright, golden, sunny face
Doth gladness to me bring :
Along my path you spread your bloom,
In spite of winter's frown,
The brightest one of nature's gems,
To deck spring's verdant crown.

When chilly days would stop your growth,
The robin warbled sweet,
And you, impulsive in your love,
His plaintive song would greet ;
So you have gayly ventured forth,
And opened to the skies
The cheering beauty of your bloom,
To give him glad surprise.

The warbler's song more cheerful grows,
And brighter grows the morn,
And spring doth wear a sweeter smile,
When you her ways adorn ;
For swarded lanes and cottage greens,
That you with beauty strew,
She knows will soon be spangled o'er,
Like stars on heaven's blue.

Thou art a bright and lovely flower,
To bloom the trodden way ;
I often fear you will be crushed
Where feet so careless stray.
Thus you are brave, as well as fair,
Like some bright virtue born

To bloom upon life's hopeful spring,
Each crushing vice to scorn.

Endearing emblem of the love
Which blooms in humble life,
And gives its cheer to weary hearts,
To conquer ills and strife ;
For love, like you, will bloom on ways
Where chilling trials cower,
Thus making glad life's common paths,
Like spots you gayly flower.

To gladden childhood's sunny hours,
You deck both lawn and farm ;
Of all the flowers which nature gives,
You yield the brightest charm.
What sweet, confiding innocence
Your sleep at evening shows,
A type of childhood's trusting life,
Before it evil knows.

When summer's pleasant life has fled
From autumn's chilling blast,
You are the last bright flower to stay,
Of all the joyous past.
Thus you begin and end the year
Of nature's happy bloom,
The first and last to turn the heart
From winter's dreary gloom.

When you are white, or bald with age,
Respectfully I tread
Along the path you once made glad,
For you have bloomed to shed
Your seeds to deck another spring,
Like virtues in the soul,

Which never die, but constant live,
Fresh beauties to unroll.

At Sea, November 4, 1860.

THE SONG OF THE MILK PAIL.

AGAIN in the country sweet leisure I find,
While calm summer twilight makes pensive my mind ;
The past so eventful again reappears,
Confessing its joys and affections and tears.

While slowly the landscape is fading from sight,
The robins late song blends the day with the night ;
The hush of the eve gives a charm to each note,
So soft to my ear through the twilight they float.

The whip-poor-will tunes to the frog's dreamy peep,
But still rarer music upon me doth sweep ;
'Tis a note from the cowfold, the charm of the vale,
A sweet sound of milking, that sings from the pail.

How oft in my youth I have heard that sweet sound
Soft mingle with notes which in even abound ;
How fresh it recalls the old homestead so dear,
Which nourished my childhood with love and good
cheer !

This rich, mellow song tells my heart a fond tale,
As it flows from the udder and sings from the pail ;
A throng of dear faces, by home's cheerful board,
To love's recollection are kindly restored.

1869.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

An anxious day had faded out,
While sorrow brooded o'er my home ;
My eldest son that morn had sailed,
On distant oceans long to roam.

It was the first cut fate had made,
My darling tree of love to thin,
Its tender branches felt the wound,
Which bled each loving heart within.

Our supper hour was fraught with gloom,
His vacant place did so impress ;
My little daughter, four years old,
Began to question our distress.

She said, " Where is my brother Charles ? "
With much affectionate alarm.
We told her Charles had gone to sea,
Still nothing would her brother harm.

She read our faces with concern,
And saw each wore an anxious look,
Then all at once, in doubt and fear,
Her little form with grief was shook.

She wept as though her heart would break ;
We tried to soothe her gushing tears,
But words and acts betrayed our hearts,
And only added to her fears.

Our pent-up sorrow then broke loose,
Before her simple, childish grief ;
Five mournful hearts found vent in tears,
The only thing to bring relief.

Her toiling, patient, silent sire,
Who bore his troubles in disguise,
Kept back emotion from his face,
Except the tears that filled his eyes.

He knew much peril, time, and strife
Must pass before the voyage was done,
And then perhaps the fickle deep
Might ne'er return his absent son.

Long years had passed : again my son
His vacant place at supper filled.
We then recalled our grieving hour,
So each fond heart again was thrilled.

Though I have lived since many years,
And had love's branches pruned away,
But ne'er has grief o'errun my heart,
More than the first sad parting day.

1868.

THE YOUNG HEART'S IDEAL.

In life's hopeful spring, while our young hearts are single,
And strong, flowing passions rise warm on the soul,
Our virginal fancies are seeking to mingle
With some kindred spirit, its love to unroll.

We then all turn artists, and form our ideal,
Possessing the virtues young hearts ever feel ;
With all its perfections our model seems real,
While to our fond image we mentally kneel.

Then through the world's gallery we all go exploring,
To find our ideal in some human guise,
But in our wide search we are constant deploring,
How few have the virtues we most highly prize.

In our grand prize hunting we all have our notion ;
In looking for virtues our model possessed,
First, beauty is sought to yield up her portion,
But beauty with virtues is not always blessed.

Should beauty fall short of our heart pleasing picture,
Renounced it should be by the good and the true,
Who look for some virtue to govern each feature,
To match with the image they mentally drew.

Too often we yield to a mere worldly passion,
While hastily searching true models to find,
And thus cheat our souls with wealth, beauty, or fashion,
Degrading the image first formed in the mind.

The world's fancy daubs ever strive for displacing
The picture we painted before worldly strife,
Whose dyes are too deep in the heart for erasing,
Contrasting its beauty with pictures from life.

For what's more debasing to souls than a marriage,
When nothing but earthly materials bind !
O ! why, so unthinking, our poor souls disparage !
Seek rather a lifetime our models to find !

At Sea, August, 1859.

MY NATIVE TIDES.

My native tides forever flow,
And cause a thousand hearts to glow ;
Could I to you such praise bestow
 As my heart owes,
The dullest minds would eager learn,
And in your landscapes well discern
Such beauties as would make them turn
 From other shows.

My childhood rambled on your shore,
Hill, grove, and vale glad to explore,
While nature showed her wondrous store
 To my young mind.
Through every season you revealed
More beauties than my mind could wield,
For nature to me then unsealed
 Her rich design.

When winter's mantle robed the earth,
Your hills and tide gave pleasure birth ;
On sled and skates I sped with mirth
 In keen, clear air.
Your thoroughfares with sound were gay,
As swift sleighs jingled on their way,
And winter's white and pure array
 Was bright and fair.

When cheerful dandelions' bloom
Had chased away the stormy gloom,
And warblers filled bright nature's room
 With tuneful voice,
Your sunny slopes I loved to roam,
By lichen'd rocks, the violet's home,

And there beneath broad nature's dome
Hear spring rejoice.

And when the evening shades drew near,
The turtle's song would charm my ear ;
Each brook and pond was tuned to cheer
The coming night.

The robin's song, so plaint and sweet,
My musing sunset hours would greet,
While closed my childish days complete,
With heavenly light.

When summer smiled on mead and grove,
How pleasant then it was to rove,
And with sweet nature fall in love
In your gay clime.

From rock and rill I then reviewed
Your vale and wave, and felt imbued
With feelings not to be subdued
Through years of time.

In your green woods, with playmates young,
I berries picked, and tall trees swung ;
Your zephyrs breathed, and sweet hay flung,
Upon your meads.

And when the tides swelled to your brim,
How merrily we went to swim !
So we enjoyed each pleasing whim
Youth's fancy breeds.

On those gay days I love to dote,
When we prepared our lines and boat,
And bravely set ourselves afloat,
To sail, or fish.

We often ventured down the bay,
Where lofty ships at anchor lay ;

To be a man such ships to sway,
Was then our wish.

At times we'd land on some green isle,
And recall Crusoe, poor exile,
Fictitiously our hours to while
In pleasing thought.

For our young minds could not discern
The many trials years would learn ;
Our boyish hearts felt small concern
For what age taught.

When autumn's harvest made display,
And woodlands in their bright array
Gave splendor to each lustrous day,
Then mingled all,
The gay, the pensive, and sublime,
Each phase in harmony to chime.
Rich thoughts I garnered at each time
Of nature's fall.

Since then I've sailed far from your shores,
Long months I've passed in dreary scores ;
Yet full of recollection's stores,
I ne'er forget
The place that yielded so much joy,
And gave my happy youth employ.
No other tide my heart can buoy,
Like your waves yet.

At Sea.

THE SPANISH MAIN.

'Twas years ago I cruised the seas along the Spanish
Main,
With heart as buoyant as the craft that I sailed in for
gain ;
Proud nature's grandeur there I viewed ; 'twas a stupend-
ous show !
Huge mountains based by ocean waves, with peaks white
capt with snow :
Bright from their elevated sides, clear gushing streams
did pour,
To cool the blooming tropic vales that smiled along the
shore.

How oft against such mountain steeps I found a sheltered
bay,
In which my bonny little craft could snug at anchor lay ;
There too I found a paradise, with joyous hearts like mine,
Where nature held her grandest court, with people more
than kind ;
For love, with captivating grace, with nature ruled
supreme ;
Though years have passed, I think it o'er — it seems a
pleasant dream.

There beauty with seducing smile would oft the sailor greet,
Well pleased to welcome to its home, and give its rarest
treat.
With joy I've wandered through its vales, and culled its
sweetest charms,
Amid vast nature's grandest scenes, where love ne'er
thought of harms ;
I now recall an incident which happened to me there,
How a young maiden gained my love, she was so winning
fair.

We met while early vespers tuned ; so pleasant was the
hour,
That love seemed softly whispering, in rural nook and
bower.
My heart was charmed with holy sounds as tolled the
peaceful chime,
While bright a maiden's glances sped beneath the sunny
clime,
Which sent my young blood flowing swift, and thrilling
through each vein ;
And why our faces flushed so warm, young hearts can best
explain.

All this grand region round was kind, and love was free
as air,
The cold restraint of northern climes had not been carried
there ;
So love-lit passion freely shot from young impulsive eyes,
While both of ours were happy aimed, for both hearts felt
surprise.
In all the meetings casual that e'er engaged young hearts,
Ne'er yet did strangers have recourse so soon to Cupid's
darts.

Dark glossy hair, large brilliant eyes, became her maiden
grace ;
Both Indian and Spanish blood rich blended I could
trace ;
Her dress was fitted to her form, and shawl so graceful
worn,
That every move of her fine shape it seemed fresh to
adorn ;
And then to crown our new surprise, the pleasant vale we
walked,
Each happy in a new-found joy ; in accents soft we talked.

The evening landscape was sublime ; a splendid golden
blaze
Filled all the western sky and sea, where gleamed the
sunset rays,
While clouds formed brilliant canopies to arch Pacific's
tide,
And lofty mountains opposite towered heavenward with
pride,
Reflecting bright the gorgeous rays their majesty in-
creased,
With grandeur lighting up the shades that fain would dim
the east.

We soon arrived at my love's cot, which was of tropic
make,
Its bamboo front so gold-like shone against the rich green
brake ;
Its shades were cooled by waters clear, which from the
mountains run,
While flowers of winning scent and hue lay open to the
sun.
Here I enjoyed a charming treat, in which my love was
skilled ;
While I refreshed, her light guitar the air with music
filled.

The graceful sisters of my love my presence kindly met,
With other beauties of the vale, who formed a pleasing set.
All were adorned in their best style, to have an evening
dance ;
From every eye of that gay throng I caught a happy
glance.
Soon their male partners gathered round with courtesy and
grace,
Proud nature's gentlemen they seemed, fit for the time and
place.

'Twas then a beauty of the land gave us the lively strains
Of sweet fandango's witching song, where grace so charm-
ing reigns,

There with my maid I joyous moved, in cadence to the
tune,

While with each thought and act of love, our passions
found commune ;

Her perfect form and native grace showed charms in
every shape,

While from her eyes love glances flew ; not one could I
escape.

A month was passed in pleasure's rounds — a happy tropic
moon ;

Then came regrets that I must leave my amorette so soon ;
Though I, a rover, had been used to bidding love farewell,
Yet now my heart was loth to leave the maid it loved so
well.

We fondly hoped to meet again, with our last parting kiss,
And once again enjoy the love that yielded so much bliss.

But ne'er again in all my life could I that region gain,
So I could once more greet my love, down on the Spanish
Main.

But memory hums o'er the tune, amusing tedious hours
With gay fandango's winning strains, we danced in tropic
bowers.

It's then I see my love again, as she once danced with me,
Where nature formed a paradise mid mountains by the
sea.

December 25, 1860. Lat. 32° S.; Long. 42° W.

THE CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.

O GIVE me California, as 'twas in forty-eight,
Before mankind o'erran its wilds, and turned it to a
State ;
For then its rivers ran as pure as crystal from the snow
That bleached the Sierras' lofty peaks, so lavish to bestow
Upon their blooming valleys green, a thousand dancing
streams,
Rejoicing in their golden sands, which crowned the min-
er's dreams.
Then we, the pioneer boys, could fish, and hunt for game,
Or dig for gold just when we chose, or squander it the
same.

The land was rife with elk and deer ; how fearlessly they
grazed
Upon the Sacramento's banks, and how they stood amazed
As our adventurous sails moved on, along the pleasant
shade,
Which zephyr breezes gentle swelled, from reach and level
glade !
And when on shore, how swift we coursed the airy hills
and plains,
Upon our lively running steeds, broke to our spurs and
reins !
Thus we broke nature's solitude, while fear its wild life
thrilled,
So quick and true our rifles aimed, and wild beasts fre-
quent killed.

O ! such a wild and wayward life, the world ne'er saw
before,
And when I dwell on those rare times, my heart feels to
deplore

That civilization broke the charm, and made wild nature
flee ;
For then we used to drink and cheer beneath the green-
wood tree,
Where now are cities full of life, I oft feel lone and
sad ;
I look in vain for comrades now, who used to make me
glad,
And drink to toasts of wit and mirth, and anecdotes of
strife,
As they wheeled on their prancing steeds with shouts of
merry life.

For then it seemed the restless souls, that roamed about
our sphere,
Had by some strange attractive force all met in wild
career —
The backwoodsman, and traveller, and sailor from the
wave ;
Such specimens of human life the world scarce ever gave.
Yet they had all some common traits, all reckless, brave,
and free,
And all were lavish with their gold, when it would buy a
spree ;
For all well knew of diggings then, where gold was found
in veins,
That yielded rich with little toil ; and what cared we for
gains !

We pitched our tents and made our camp beneath the
spreading oak,
And staked our horses in the vale, while joyfully we
broke
On nature's virgin solitudes with songs and merry cheer,
While bear, coyote, deer, and wolf their covers sought in
fear.

And vengeful savage Indians were often lurking round,
But instinct made them shun our path — they knew who
ruled the ground.

We lived a fast and reckless life, at naught did we re-
pine,

So California had its charms in forty-eight and nine.

Now what has civilization done? We know it has built
towns,

And likewise muddled all the streams, and dug up nature's
grounds ;

It's scared the rivers of their fish, the deer have fled the
brakes,

The wild fowl now no longer crowd the rivers, bays, and
lakes ;

The bear, and wolf, and Indian wild, which nature kindly
nursed,

Are like the rest of her choice pets, all killed or else dis-
persed,

While pioneers, brave jovial boys, who lived so free and gay,
Are scarcely seen upon the grounds which they once held
in sway.

And worse than all it seems that gold is getting scarce or
proud,

For it don't seem to circulate, as 't used to, in a crowd.

In good old times, why every man possessed his bag of
dust !

The happy trader hardly knew, then, what it was to trust ;
But now for us the times have changed ; although our
mines are clear

Of savage Indians and wild beasts, yet much we lack in
cheer.

Since civilization hems us round, and claims most of the
land,

We pioneers are not so gay, or nature half so grand.

At Sea, February, 1860.

SUBLIMITY AND DANGER.

WHEN heaven to earth its foretaste would reveal,
It lends transcendent beauties to our sphere.
Sublimity is sent to make us feel
The ecstasy of such a high career.
This ray of heaven now would rule the earth,
Did not the evils of the depths below
To frighten souls give dreadful dangers birth,
To mingle all our happiness with woe.

When high sublimity with grandeur crowns
The noble features of our earth and sky,
Then danger's fearful image comes and frowns
Amid the splendors which allure the eye.
Sublimity, attending nature's force,
With danger's threatening form is ever rife,
While all the powers of darkness, in their course,
Have danger's fearful ghost to give them life.

In looking o'er the surface of our world,
Sublime with wealth and power the nations stand ;
But danger with its dreadful hand has hurled
Disease and war upon the fairest land.
Devouring conflagrations light our towns,
So night is made sublime with lurid flames ;
Then danger's dreadful visage on us frowns,
Our homes and wealth its dire destruction claims.

Vast tropic seas which earth's green islands bound
Are swept by hurricanes sublime in power ;
The elements at war terrific sound,
And show a picture worthy of the hour.
Huge danger lurks throughout the dreadful scene ;
Its form pervades the waves that drown the deck,

Or some dark cloud may clothe its fearful mien,
While shooting lightnings down upon the wreck.

Bleak ocean wastes are swept by fearful gales ;
Sublime the mountain swell rolls o'er their tides,
While dangers huge the gallant ship assails,
As she so bravely o'er their fury rides.
Tall icebergs stand above the stormy waves,
Sublime they loom amid the chilling air,
And while the dashing ocean round them raves,
What dangers seem reflected from their glare !

When nature's majesty sublimely crowns
The towering mountains of her giant lands,
Then danger comes to haunt the lofty grounds,
And hang upon their steeps with fearful hands.
At times to some huge glacier it will stray,
On shelving parts to throw its dreadful weight ;
The vales below are filled with dire dismay,
As down it tumbles with its crushing freight.

When burning mountains in their direful throe
Sublimely light the skies with fiery breath,
Then danger rules a dreadful scene below,
On fertile valleys spreading fear and death.
When earthquakes jar to mighty nature's laws,
And awful thunder crowns the scene sublime,
Then danger opens wide its hungry jaws —
The dreadful monster of a fearful time.

Sublimity is wont to place its seal
Upon some roaring torrent in its fall ;
It's then our minds the force of danger feel,
Its frightful acts our sympathies appall.
We see it dashing headlong down the rocks,
With hopeless terror in its dying face ;

Its drowning feats our fancy sorely shocks,
While down the angry flood its form we trace.

A dreary desert stretches far and wide ;
Sublime to view its barren wastes appear,
But danger's famished form doth here abide,
To haunt the caravans which o'er it steer ;
A sand-cloud rises with the whirling storm,
Then danger shows itself amid the air ;
Its scorching mass, with dire, o'erwhelming form,
Soon drives the faint spectator to despair.

On some contending battle-field we sight
The greatest efforts of mankind arrayed ;
Sublimity has clothed this scene of might,
While danger comes to blight the grand parade ;
Its fearful form is wrapt in sulphurous smoke,
The dreadful roar of cannon sounds its name,
Through fierce opposing ranks its strength has broke,
While on its back some hero rides to fame.

We see religious creeds the earth o'erspread ;
Sublime through them man's future life appears.
Yet in this host of souls, how many dread
The consummation of their hopes and fears !
Still truth will stand eternally sublime,
Where danger's forces never can do harm ;
On its high range we heavenward may climb,
Above the life which errors now alarm.

AMBITION.

AMBITION oft aspires to such high ends,
It moves the soul to deeds of wondrous force ;
The genius of the mind is made intense,
To take advantage of some great resource.
It seeks some place of glory, in the bounds
Of human might, but high above the aim
Of worldly millions ; yet within their grounds,
So all mankind may bow before a name.

Ambition, with its wonder-working power,
Collects the vast materials of its age,
And piles them up to form a lofty tower,
Then proudly strives to stand on its high stage.
It craves to be a statue of all time,
The torch of fame to hold high o'er the land,
A sight for those who would, but cannot climb,
For want of circumstance to form their plan.

Ambition's towers, oft built of human woes,
Would vainly raise its tyrant builders high ;
But Time with wise discernment overthrows
The fame of such as would disgrace the sky.
Then let Ambition's monuments be formed
Of deeds of worth and justice, firm and true :
Such are the heights Time's forces ne'er have stormed ;
There stand the statues of the noble few.

THE FLEET OF BOOKS.

TIME, like the sea, sweeps on its constant round,
With naught but vast eternity to bound ;
Where ages, like swift currents, onward roll
Beyond the anxious vision of the soul.
Its shores through distance are but dimly seen,
While generations heave like waves between ;
But while the mind on this vast sea doth dwell,
We float along upon its living swell,
The great wave of our time, whose dashing roar
Would carry nothing to far future's shore,
Except one lonesome wave, whose toiling life
Would move in nothing but its single strife.
All would be savage, lonely, drear, and dark,
But for our fleet of books ; which, like the ark,
Brave glide along o'er each successive wave,
In numbers gaining, saving from the grave
Man's precious stores of thought from time's deep sea.
Thus on they glide majestic, brave, and free ;
While each new wave forever strives to drown
This diverse modeled fleet, all must be sound,
Their magnet must possess a truthful force,
So stormy time cannot derange their course.

We see the work of thought, so ancient strown
On ruined cities, tombs, and sculptured stone,
Old wasting land-marks beaten by time's waves,
To serve as beacons for the fleet that saves
Man's choicest thought from out oblivion's deep ;
From such departures on their course they sweep,
While here and there some famous signal flies,
Blown by the storms of time which sweep the skies,
Dispersing error's clouds, which dim the spheres ;
So guiding stars shine out, while knowledge steers ;

Yet each strong gale, which star and flag unfurls,
Is the same force which to destruction hurls
Unworthy hulks, which man so constant makes,
And in his egotism oft mistakes
For standard models ; but we soon discern
The good and sound, the faulty soon o'erturn,
While each true craft is washed of all the trash
Which ignorance and superstitions lash
To buoyant decks, to float time's rugged tide.
Thus each sound volume safely onward glides,
With man's salvation, to bright future's shore,
A wealth well worthy to be wafted o'er.

NARRAGANSET BAY.

O NARRAGANSET, lovely bay,
How sweet to while the summer hours
Where your bright tides so happy play,
Mid green isles tinged with blooming flowers,
While on your rippling waters float
The gallant ship and pleasure boat.

When on the ocean tempest tost,
The storm-spent bark seeks your retreat ;
As 'pears salvation to the lost,
So sailor's eyes your headlands greet ;
He knows what shelter they maintain
Where storms prolong their wrath in vain.

Thou lovely gem from ocean grasped,
Fair Rhoda's arms your charms surround ;
Thus to her heart securely clasped,
Your shores with sighs and kisses sound ;
While ocean's breast doth constant beat,
With faithful love at your fair feet.

Here civilization's potent sway,
In town and fort and farm appears,
While nature smiles o'er land and bay :
Your history the soul endears ;
What sea or shore does this world claim,
That can support a prouder fame ?

Where on the earth can man's free mind
With purer exaltation rise ?
For on your shores was first defined
Religious freedom's blessed prize.
What other wave, with swelling tide,
Can wash its shores with equal pride ?

What brighter sun e'er gemmed a wave,
Or tinged a flow'ret of the vale ;
What purer air a breath e'er gave,
Or gayly wafted cloud, or sail ;
And where are freedom's laws more sure
With man in future to endure ?

Your charms attract the good and proud,
To feast their souls, or senses please ;
Around your tides what pleasures crowd
To soothe the harassed mind to ease ;
What lovely scenes your shores portray
Amid the windings of your bay !

Some gliding ship with rippling wake
At times may call a roaming thought,
Far on the wave a voyage to make,
Until the roving mind is caught
By river, village, grove, or farm,
Again to note some pleasing charm.

Here we indulge historic dreams,
While fancy paints the Northman's bark
With dragon shape ; and each shade teems
With savage forms so wild and dark ;
Surprised they gaze from haunts on shore
On beings ne'er conceived before.

Perchance from Mount Hope's regal hill
We gaze on ships and cities grand.
Viewed from those heights we note the skill
Which marks the changes of the land ;
For here the chieftain's lodge once stood
Who ruled the red-men of the wood.

Now all the tribes he swayed are dead ;
No one is left to guard their graves,
Or point the grounds on which they bled,
Or show how graceful o'er the waves,
With paddles moved to warlike song,
Their light canoes could speed along.

Yet who regrets the mighty change
The last two centuries have wrought,
Or grieves to view the magic gains
Civilization here has brought ?
Let nature sigh while soft winds play
O'er graves of men of that wild day.

Though stern the savage of your wilds,
His stubborn soul could not withstand
The soothing force your coves and isles
Gave to the beauty of your land ;
His warlike spirit half disarmed,
So well your lands and waters charmed.

Yet while your sailors guide the helm,
Your ocean waves with awe inspire,
As they your beach and reefs o'erwhelm ;
Thus you create a strong desire
In many hearts, to wing their way
Where nature's grandeur holds the sway.

To crown with grace your lovely tide,
Fair woman's charms your shores enchant ;
View all the works of art and pride,
Search all the realms that fairies haunt,
Then here compare how far the true
Surpasses all art ever drew.

Long on your shores may beauty meet,
And festive halls its charms display ;
Let music move its dancing feet,
And soul-lit eyes with pride portray
The love which swells its throbbing breast,
While those who win such love are blest.

Long may your cooling waters soothe
All those who seek your summer wave ;
May ocean tides forever smooth,
The sands where pleasure seeks to lave ;
And long the beat of ocean's heart
To bathers health and strength impart.

Long may your shores in future call
The wealth and pride of freedom's race,
And inspiration e'er extoll
The free souls' victories which grace
The lovely shores which fold your wave,
A fact the proudest land would crave.

At Sea, October, 1859.

DESOLATION ISLAND.

BLEAK, lonely isle, mid rugged ocean,
Where desolation rules supreme,
Sad dreariness must be thy portion,
Where summer rays can never beam.

In gazing o'er grim, snow-clad mountains,
Which tower above your barren waste,
I long for pleasant groves and fountains,
By joyous human beings graced.

O'er dark, cold rocks the winds are sighing,
The billows surge with hollow groan ;
My cheerfulness of soul is dying —
On thy sad waste I am alone.

The dismal sound of sea-fowl screaming
Sweeps shrill along each gloomy place ;
Your shores and steeps with terrors teeming,
Full well become your dreary space.

Your beach resounds with monsters' howling,
Which from the ocean's caverns creep ;
The roaring surf with mingled growling,
Proclaims the dangers of the deep.

Your rock-piled steeps, so rough and crumbling,
A frail support for snow and sleet,
With crashing sounds are constant tumbling ;
Thus terror's reign is here complete.

A dismal throne of desolation
It seems you always will maintain ;
Far from the rays of insolation,
As now, you ever must remain.

On land so drear, I long for ocean,
And out beyond the breakers' roar,
I seek my bark, whose graceful motion
Will waft me to a kinder shore.

Long o'er my mind dread will be stealing,
As I recall your dreary coast,
And in my dreams this dismal feeling
Will haunt me like some gloomy ghost.

At Sea.

THE LIFE OF TREES.

O TIRELESS trees ! how faithfully you stand,
Brave working out your destinies on earth !
How multiform your presence, near and far !
With giant strength, or graceful pliant forms,
You group yourselves with nature's easy grace,
So all the landscape glories in your art.

How venerable in rich virgin lands
You tower aloft, the oldest life on earth,
So all new life seems grafted on your age :
What lofty arches your tall columns raise —
Vast nature's halls, where thought is pleased to hold
Communion with the great Creator's life !

In sunny lands, where drought would make all drear,
How fearlessly you climb the mountain steeps,
Inviting, with your beauty and sweet voice,
The flying clouds, who gladly seek repose,
Where your low, dreamy tones lull them to rest ;
For this they journey from the distant seas,

And lavish on you oft refreshing showers,
To keep alive the springs within your shades —
The source of all the rivers on the plains,
Which you so guard and nourish to the sea.

At times you seem true nature's ministers,
So faithful you observe each sacred calm ;
At morn or noon or eve, your outstretched arms
And silent mien extend impressive, sweet,
Deep benedictions holy o'er the land.
When comes the breeze to change your worshipping,
How well you show your sanctity of heart,
And harmony with nature's grace and tone,
While touching passing winds with tuneful hands,
To play sweet symphonies to list'ning ears.

Yet you are strong and passionate and brave,
For when aggressive tempests threatening sound,
And all the elements seem mad for war,
We see you gather all your giant strength,
And with strong, tireless arms brave fight the gale
To hold your own against fierce sweeping storms,
Defending vegetation's weaker life,
Which finds protection while you win the field.

How beautiful you usher in the spring,
And hold her fragrant blooms with willing hands,
Reviving life with joy and faith and hope ;
Thus in your happy mood you playful hold
Upon your ready fingers tuneful birds,
To entertain us with sweet melodies,
While giving shelter to their helpless young,
Safe in your canopies of leaves and flowers.

And when the summer comes with burning heat,
You kindly spread your wide-protecting shades,

And hold them o'er the land to shed the glare,
Safe guarding springs and rills from scorching drought,
Embowering delightful spots on earth,
Where love and labor find a sweet retreat.

And when in autumn glory you appear,
How generous you reach to needy man
The hoarded treasures of a season's work,
Or toss them broadcast o'er his favored grounds,
While stripping for your contest with the storms.

How faithful through the winter's killing frost,
You hold the precious germs of nature's life
To grace the glory of the coming year ;
Thus you go on your grand evolving course,
Forever working for the good of man.
Then let the mountains ever be your home,
And lofty hills rejoice to yield you strength,
And sunny vales be grateful for your shade,
And all the streams reflect your graceful forms,
To carry out on earth vast nature's laws.

December 25, 1871.

THE SHIPWRECK.

PART I.

THE old brig Neptune long was advertised
For sale or charter. Trade was rather slack ;
Besides, the shippers somehow had surmised
Her unseaworthy ; on her last run back
She sprung a leak ; it could not be disguised.
The story was, while on the starboard tack,
A high cross sea gave her some heavy thumps ;
Good weather saved her with Jack at the pumps.

At length her owner, a smart business man,
Thought he would send her for a load of coal ;
There was not much to disappoint his plan,
For sailors then were plenty round the mole,
And those in debt must go to sea again,
And one landlord had twenty on his roll ;
Our sailors are not very well protected,
However much their calling is respected.

The poor old brig was taken on the ways,
To stop the leaks she started her last run ;
The carpenter was short in his surveys,
For he soon saw enough that should be done.
Her wormy, rotten planks surprised his gaze ;
He said he could not see by light of sun,
How she had floated out and into port ;
He told her owner this in his report.

Her owner said he could not stand expense,
So made repairs the cheapest way he could ;
Cement and pitch would fill the holes and rents,
He only wanted her to carry wood ;
To that, of course, the carpenter consents.
He did not care so much how matters stood ;
He knew one thing : the owner was a deacon,
Who served somehow the Christian cause to weaken.

The owner was so bent on getting rich,
His Christian duties were most sadly blurred ;
For self he'd pray or cheat, he cared not which ;
To honest folks this may seem most absurd.
While fear of hell, a disagreeable switch,
Turned him from many things his heart preferred ;
For his religion was not hate of evil,
But a device contrived to cheat the devil.

We oft see men of egotistic make
Let love of self hold everything in sway ;
They praise the Lord for their own selfish sake,
While want of love to man their hearts betray.
Their God, of course, their selfish form must take,
To make themselves immortal their own way ;
More than they love, they hope the power that made,
Can never cause their selfishness to fade.

The old brig soon was launched as tight as new,
A coat of paint outside made her look gay ;
She wanted then a master and a crew,
Which could be got with small advancing pay.
A state of things not very safe, but true,
For nothing in the world was in the way
Of sending men in such a craft to sea,
Because, you know, the country was so free.

The next day Captain Grey walked down the street,
A circumstance that serves to help explain ;
He went down to the wharf, his daily beat,
While his frank, manly face seemed fraught with pain.
For there the deacon had agreed to meet
With him to talk ; first broaching wind and rain,
Their converse soon was settled on the brig,
Her build and stowage, also on her rig.

The captain knew the brig was very old,
He'd sailed to Cuba in her years ago ;
Our merchants then were rather short of gold,
So sent out all the lumber she would stow ;
Then loaded down with sugar, deck and hold ;
They lost the deck load in a heavy blow.
How many deck loads greedy men have lost,
Besides the ships and lives such deck loads cost !

The owner offered Grey a chance to ship ;
The captain craved employ, but felt afraid ;
The deacon said 'twould be a pleasant trip,
And never was a master better paid.
And then the captain felt the cruel nip
Of poverty ; he'd lost by men in trade,
And had a wife and children to support,
But could not do it while he stayed in port.

So Grey was shipped, with neighbor Jones for mate,
Who by the way with poverty was gored ;
The brig got under way with little freight,
Her crew was only eight when all aboard ;
Short handed quite, say four below her rate,
But still 'twas all her owner would afford ;
Enough, perhaps, for one particular reason, —
Because 'twas drawing near the stormy season.

The autumn weather wore a glorious charm,
And earth and sky gave every sense delight ;
The golden, hazy sunlight, steeped in calm,
Showed hills and vales and bays in dreamy light.
Earth's pleasant face allayed all thought of harm ;
The sea seemed to have lost its power to smite,
And moved with gentleness of love to greet
Ripe autumn's beauty, and to bathe her feet.

Such weather proved delightful for a start.
The bay was smooth enough for any boat ;
Still mate and captain, tender men at heart,
Had choking grief fast sticking in their throat,
For both from wife and children had to part.
'Twas bad enough for them to be afloat,
E'en if they had a vessel staunch and sound,
To ease them of the risk of being drowned.

The crew, as said before, was rather light,
And those were each a chip from other nations,
And all were more or less in luckless plight,
And went to sea to pay for sprees and rations ;
To have such men for sailors is not right,
But who would like to risk their good relations
On such a craft, say in the stormy season ?
Such traps our young men shun, and with good reason.

Our great marine, at one time proud with thrift,
E'en now is mighty in its enterprise,
But lately seems to have a downward shift ;
The reason why the country can surmise :
Our young men don't aspire to be adrift
On doubtful hulks, in quarters they despise ;
Their parents rather see them clerks or tailors,
Than be exposed to wrongs that kill our sailors.

Although quite late, it held a pleasant fall,
The weather was so beautiful and clear ;
The Neptune under sail looked fine and tall,
And all her spree-worn sailors were in cheer.
They sailed to Delaware without a squall ;
Safe up the bay they went away from fear,
Discharged her notions, took in coal for freight —
The brig was deep, so Grey said to his mate.

The brig looked dreadful deep to those poor men ;
Their better judgment knew and well forbode
The risk they were to run, but then again,
Want made them bold to risk the heavy load ;
While hope portrayed fair weather, so that when
They took another look, the future showed
A better prospect, dimming what they feared.
This, with their late escape, the future cheered.

The captain wrote his wife, and took a tug,
So that the brig was soon outside the bay ;
The wind was north, so that she had to hug
The gale all night, her homeward course to lay ;
The captain thought it best to make all snug,
It blew so strong at noon the second day ;
In fact, the weather grew to be quite rough,
But in good ships they hardly thought it bluff.

Like unsound vessels are some folks we know :
While ease and pleasure reign, they seem all right,
They glide through life and make a pretty show.
But let disaster once their pleasures smite,
Then see how soon their pride is lying low ;
A sea of trouble puts them in a fright.
The timbers of their character are frail,
To stand the shock of dark misfortune's gale.

The wind round to the eastward slowly veered,
And with it came a most unwelcome swell ;
'Twas such a gale as this the captain feared,
For both pumps soon gave all the crew a spell.
A dreadful danger then to all appeared,
The water gained so fast upon the well,
While boats were stoven by the dreadful waves,
Which looked by daylight like so many graves.

'There was no doubt but that the brig would sink,
She rolled so heavy in the dashing spray ;
Each life was hanging on a dreadful brink,
And anxious grasped to what came in the way.
They made a raft of spars, a slender link,
Which served a cruel spell death to delay,
For, true to nature's laws, the brig went down ;
Her crew clung to the raft, afraid to drown.

It proved a fearful time for those poor souls,
On such a sea for life thus to depend ;
'Twas sad to think an old brig load of coals
Should bring strong men to an untimely end !
Some people think that wrecks are only tolls
Which commerce to the ocean has to send ;
But when they come to know the real cause,
They find them fines for breaking nature's laws.

There are a hundred sail at sea to-day,
On voyages as venturesome as this,
Which would not stand at all a fair survey,
The crew of which dear friends may sadly miss.
This brings us back again to Jones and Grey,
Whose lives were striving o'er a dread abyss,
A punishment sufficient for their errors,
Before exhaustion robbed death of its terrors.

Great was the agony of this poor crew,
Dashed by the waves until the time to die,
Life's pleasures, home, and friends they anxious drew,
Contrasting strangely with what met the eye ;
While all the sweets of life they ever knew
Appeared to take a leave they would deny.
The future too, perhaps, to some looked grim,
While hopes of life amid the waves grew dim.

The monstrous seas dashed o'er their fearful drift,
So every sense was shocked by wind and wave,
While oft a surge would give their raft a lift,
So hope could glance from off its frightful grave,
For succor, sometimes in good fortune's gift,
To sink again beyond the power to save,
Down ! down ! where terror struggled for a breath,
And every man felt certain of his death.

The life of man, which o'er all nature towers,
Is a sad thing when, cast down from its sphere,
Misfortune gets advantage of its powers ;
How feeble its exertions then appear !
Weak through disaster, how its spirit cowers !
We feel astonished at its helpless fear.
Life seems as trivial as a flake of snow,
When touched by ocean's vast, o'erwhelming flow.

Peculiar things at times control man's fate :
For when the waves had washed off all but one ;
A South Sea native was left to relate,
In broken English, what the storm had done.
He learned to swim while in his savage state ;
To play with ocean waves was once his fun ;
He rode the storm out safely on the raft,
And then was rescued by a passing craft.

Now Grey and Jones are dead, their fate we mourn ;
Both good, free-hearted men as ever sailed,
And Grey, with a good ship, I would be sworn,
Could make a voyage all safe and ne'er have failed ;
But circumstance and sharpers kept him shorn,
So skill in seamanship did not avail,
But served to guide old hulks on venture trips,
While less skilled men were wrecking first-class ships.

Grey's seamanship had always been a match
For all the dangers sailors ever dare.
For many years disaster could not catch
Him by the board, because he took good care
That everything was right above the hatch ;
Yet his account of storms would make you stare,
Such was his management to keep from wreck,
While having charge of some unworthy deck.

His life, in fact, was but one long campaign,
A constant strife with nature's sternest laws.
His country furnished him, through love of gain,
Old brigs and schooners to risk danger's jaws.
The way he fought and died I here explain ;
His pressing wants, of course, gave him good cause ;
But then the merchants have no good excuse,
To put poor property to such mean use.

Like Grey, some think because their aim is good,
That they may trespass on the rules of nature ;
The best of men have oft misunderstood
The laws of God in this important feature.
They think their cause when worthy, somehow should
Act as a shield to screen the sinning creature.
But nature makes no such discrimination,
For every sin meets with sure condemnation.

As time passed on, the brig was overdue ;
The deacon worried some about the deep.
He dreamt the brig had sunk, while in his pew ;
And for such reasons he was feeling cheap.
The mate's and captain's wife so anxious grew
That they no longer could their trouble keep ;
They called upon the owner in their plight,
To know if there was reason for their fright.

The owner felt confused ; what could he say ?
Those women looked so anxious in his face !
He talked of many things that might delay,
For they, of course, knew nothing of the case.
The owner's conscience saw how matters lay ;
Well, to be just, he felt his deep disgrace.
Had laws been more efficient, it is plain
They might have saved life, property, and pain.

It proved a sad time for these sailors' wives,
For each day added to their anxious woe.
Hope struggles hard when love for hope contrives,
Yet while time passed they felt their trouble grow,
Save when kind friendship planned to save dear lives.
Then came the news they wished and dreaded so ;
And then the conflict with o'erwhelming sorrow,
While hope strove hard from future strength to borrow.

The children grieved, as children often will,
Their mother's woe as much as for the dead ;
They felt, of course their father's death, but still,
Their mother's trouble was a greater dread ;
Thus her sad mien gave their young hearts a chill,
Till mother's love for them from grief was led.
Yes, strong affection led the way from grief,
While love and care and reason brought relief.

Can this be true ? we hear good people ask ;
How can such things be done where laws exist ?
But selfishness works with a cunning mask ;
So every winter gale repeats its list
Of vessels missing ; none are called to task :
Insurance officers at times resist,
But only think of the heartrending cost
Of human life, besides the cargoes lost !

PART II.

When first commencing with this rhyming measure
To give a true, but plain, unvarnished tale,
It was not done for pastime, spite, or pleasure,
But more to point out wrongs all should assail ;

Perhaps it's good to have so little leisure
We cannot wear out patience with detail,
So it may worry through a string of facts,
To prove disaster follows sinful acts.

The South Sea native was the only clue
Then left to tell how sad the brig was wrecked ;
Saved by the packet ship Aurora's crew,
He serves his part my story to connect.
On her strange deck all hands around him drew,
For all seemed very anxious to detect
The reason of his being set afloat,
So far at sea without a ship or boat.

The decks, though large, were also rather crowded
With emigrants fresh out of Liverpool,
The most of whom with ignorance were shrouded,
Not having the advantage of a school.
It is astonishing how mind is clouded,
While used for an aristocratic tool,
For those poor souls of England, Wales, and Cork
Thought this brown man a native of New York.

It seems so strange to common Yankee mind
To note the emigrants as they come over,
And find their intellects so dull and blind,
Fresh from a land — surprising to discover —
That boasts of brain by Providence designed
To be the world's most scientific mover ;
Yet while we Yankees are such things discerning,
Are all our children getting common learning.

The gaping crowd, not quite half civilized,
Thought 'twas the first sign of the western land.
In fact, but few there would have been surprised
To find canoes in shore, with natives tanned

E'en browner than the man before their eyes ;
Besides, 'twas hard for some to understand,
For his and their bad English made a bother,
While in communication with each other.

So to relieve him of an awkward scrape,
The captain ordered him to be sent aft ;
The cabin passengers learned his escape,
And how his shipmates were washed from the raft ;
What things he could not speak he tried to ape,
Which made the women sad, and no one laughed,
Although he acted with queer signs and breath
The struggle his lost shipmates had with death.

The ship *Aurora* was of Yankee build,
As good a craft as e'er was made of wood ;
If swayed by one in seamanship well skilled,
There ne'er was weather she would not have stood.
But as it was, the captain's berth was filled
By one who did not know some things he should :
To have such men for captains is a sin,
But then, you see, he was the owner's kin.

From boyhood up he ne'er displayed good tact.
Perhaps it's better not to give his name —
'Twould not seem fair — and then tell what he lacked ;
So call him *Rusher* ; then we shall not shame
The pride of a good family with fact ;
But for his relatives, he would not claim
So large a space in ordinary verse,
To prove that bad promotions are a curse.

For he was one of those, so plenty now,
Whose family maintained a good position,
Yet did not feel as though they could allow
Their son to fill a real loafer's mission ;

So they were anxious to fix him somehow.

For that they sought to give him good tuition,
But all their plans to naught he soon converted,
For all he undertook he soon deserted.

Such worthless chaps abound in every city ;

What to do for their good their friends doth puzzle ;
Corrupt and vain, with tempers often gritty,

So their propensities are hard to muzzle,
They think that rowdyism is something witty ;

Besides, with other faults, they love to guzzle.
Such traits in young Americans, at present,
To genteel folks are anything but pleasant.

His uncle was a merchant on the slip,

Which turned the young man's thoughts toward the sea ;
Through this he found himself on board a ship.

It seemed a fine thing for him, so that he
Made some advancement almost every trip ;

For his relationship was made the key
Of his promotions, while much smarter men
Are common sailors now, as they were then.

To tell the truth, he had some traits aquatic,

With other men who have the sea to plough ;
Quite fond of dissipation, and erratic,

Oft seeking out lewd places, or a row :
In all such scenes his actions were dramatic.

His education came in play somehow
To put a garb on vice which gave it zest,
Or meanly used to flavor some low jest.

His best acquaintance knew his dissipation,

Yet he was tolerated in his folly,
For no one wished to seal his condemnation ;
'Twas queer the ladies deemed him only jolly,

And thought that time would work his reformation ;
To shame the devil seems quite melancholy,
Especially if he has rich relations
To disconcert by making explanations.

The ship Aurora's captain, one fine day,
With a full freight engaged, was taken ill ;
'Twas too expensive long in port to lay,
Some one, of course, the master's place must fill ;
So Rusher was the one to take the sway.

The owners all distrusted him, but still
They gave him a good mate, and parting toast,
In wishing him good pilots on the coast.

On that and other trips he had good luck ;
He made some rapid runs, which seemed all right,
Although he lost at times his spars and duck ;
It happened somehow in a squally night.
Some folks can't tell foolhardiness from pluck ;
Oft to such minds foolhardiness seems bright.
So Rusher went on shortening each trip,
While chance neglected his brave plans to nip.

We oft see men of very little sense
Made up somehow of busy, vigorous action ;
They push things through, regardless of expense,
And never dream their plans need circumspection ;
From such as those the public need defense,
Whenever fortune gives them the direction ;
For they oft get promoted for some deed
Done while more prudent persons had the lead.

Our merchants had an eagerness for clippers —
All very well if not too overdone ;
But soon it got to be the fault of shippers
To discard safety for a rapid run :

Which soon raised up a reckless class of skippers, —
But profit in the end they seldom won.
The sure and slower foreigner now boasts
Of carrying the produce of our coasts.

We Yankees are so fond of being fast,
We sacrifice oftentimes more than we gain ;
This serves as much as anything to blast
The prospects of our business on the main.
We drive too hard to make ships pay and last ;
This, with our war and rashness, helps explain
Why foreigners, though cautious, slow, and late,
Still in the long run succeed well with freight.

All who can cipher or are good at guessing
Well know the pressure of an extra mile ;
To gain that mile our efforts are distressing,
For which we strain our canvas all the while ;
Great accidents occur which prove no blessing,
While sending friends to an ill-timed exile.
Some people think they rather have less haste,
Than let their lives and wealth thus go to waste.

This makes me think of what newspapers say,
How rushing plans our toiling men are worsting ;
A horrid state of things our times betray,
Just through a lot of o'erstrained boilers bursting,
Whose dire explosions oft the people slay,
Enough to gratify all horror thirsting ;
Yet we go on still adding to our sin,
And keep the devil on a constant grin.

The next day, after all had been debating
The South Sea Islander's escape from harm,
The wind went down, a wretched thing for freighting,
Until it got to be a perfect calm.

Things that delay, a sailor can't help hating,
Although there's nothing in them to alarm ;
So calms at sea are far more disconcerting
Than gales of wind where life is more uncertain.

The great ship tossed and staggered on the ocean,
O'er rolling waves so huge and brightly glassed,
Which gave the deck a most uneasy motion ;
The sails seemed mad, and fiercely beat the mast ;
So everything that moved was in commotion,
While every soul on board was clinging fast.
The tiresome rolling, and the wear and tear,
Made grumbling sailors much inclined to swear.

The glassy waves had tumbled them for hours,
When lo ! there 'peared a blackness in the east ;
Dark, double-headed clouds displayed their powers,
Which made all hands mistrust a change, at least.
For soon the wind came booming swift in showers,
Until into a storm it had increased,
So that the ship, with strong gales on her quarter,
Made dashing headway o'er the raging water.

The captain, always brave to carry sail,
The passengers had fastened down below,
So high the waves dashed o'er the ship's main rail ;
It made the sailors stare to see her go
Full fifteen miles an hour before the gale !
While everything was strong to stand the blow,
The captain thought he'd boast this to the owners,
But fate at times robs fools of many honors.

This gaining time now makes me think of Maury
In his grand theory of circle sailing :
A rushing captain tried it in a hurry ;
A grand west wind and swell he found prevailing,

But his fast run soon ended in a flurry,
A loss of time and danger both entailing ;
He struck an iceberg at the dead of night,
Which gave himself and passengers affright.

Their good strong ship received a dreadful thumping ;
'Twas up somewhere in the Antarctic Ocean :
The passengers for life worked hard at pumping,
And cursed Professor Maury and his notion
To save a little time. They found that jumping
Through iceberg seas, amid such wild commotion,
Was anything but saving in their case —
They lost three months to gain a week in space.

This makes us think of ships on the Atlantic,
Who strive so hard to make their voyages brief :
They shave the northern bergs which loom gigantic,
Which is a sin that slowly gains belief.
To save time by such routes seems almost frantic,
While some are really so because of grief,
Whose friends for pleasure sought to cross the wave,
But in their hurry found an ocean grave.

The night came on, with darkness most opaque ;
Still the Aurora flew before the swell :
Her light was set and lookouts all awake,
While mid the roar they rang the warning bell ;
Old seamen knew that life was put at stake,
For midnight heard the crash and stifled yell
Of some poor fated coaster, lying to ;
Her name, and what her fate, no one e'er knew.

The morning came with gales more rough and thick,
The passengers still fastened under hatches
The want of air had made them all so sick,
They would have died, had not one of the watches

Heard some one thumping ; 'twas a lucky nick,
Because it saved the lives of the poor wretches
From going out in a most painful smother,
For a short time, to undergo another.

The captain somehow, in his careless haste,
Had overrun his reckoning through the log ;
Besides, it seems he did not mean to waste
A strong, fair wind, because of rain and fog ;
For caution with him ne'er had a firm place,
Especially when will gave him a jog.
The night came on ; he did not stop to sound, —
At three o'clock the ship was hard aground !

Aground with such a surf, in a dark night,
Was dangerous to life in the extreme !
The shock at first gave every soul affright.
A mountain wave soon boarded them abeam ;
Another came with such o'erwhelming might
It fairly drowned the shrill, heart-rending scream
That issued from five hundred wretched souls,
And proved how fearful death to life unrolls.

The work of death was done in one short hour,
All overwhelmed by heavy breakers dashing.
The waves on that dire night had deadly power,
The great, strong ship soon into pieces smashing.
The white foam flew, a swift and ghastly shower,
While overhead the thunder storm was flashing,
To show dire horror to the strong and brave,
While they were striving precious life to save.

The South Sea Islander, of all the crew,
Was the best fitted to withstand the danger ;
His coral island teaching took him through,
For he had been in surf a perfect ranger.

He backed the strongest wave that shoreward flew,
And proved that he of all was there no stranger ;
He bravely rode the breaker safe to land,
And waited for the daylight on the sand.

The morning came, while horror reigned complete ;
The stubborn strand shook in the dreadful fray,
So fearfully the solid shores were beat :
In drifting flakes the combers threw their spray,
While each white roller formed a winding-sheet
For such drowned dead as in its hollows lay.
Sublimity and danger both were rife
In that grand work of elemental strife.

The shipwrecked native gazed on that dire strand,
The sole survivor of a sad mishap ;
He knew not much what civilization planned,
But thought it served for a most deadly trap
Which all his native skill could barely stand ;
Still nature held him yet safe in her lap,
The sad survivor of a foolish notion
That favoritism could succeed with ocean.

Our native thought of California lines
He'd sailed with Rushers, while on the Pacific,
Where with ship-loads of men fresh from the mines,
They steered a course for danger most prolific.
It's hard to tell what are a fool's designs,
Who hugs a shore where breakers roll terrific ;
When wide, deep seas invite a safer course,
Yet runs his ship ashore with dreadful force.

Oft nature doth the rule of fools impeach ;
This to the dull is frequently a wonder.
If such at times could be upon the beach
And see the dire results of stupid blunder,

They'd know one lesson nature has to teach ;
For she has laws for men to labor under :
No matter in what cause those laws we break,
A certain justice follows to o'ertake.

The sin of favoritism let us spurn,
With other sins so common to our race ;
In war or trade, and all that gives concern
To wealthy pride, its evils we can trace ;
All feel how bad the nation's fingers burn,
Through raising fools and knaves to some high place ;
But while the public at such sin connives,
We lose — God knows how many precious lives !

PART III.

THESE last concluding verses form a jumble
Made up of accidents by sea and land ;
Yet as a people we've no right to grumble,
Because we do not feel to lend a hand
To stay the dangers into which we stumble,
While striving to do something smart or grand ;
We all know well, upon mature reflection,
The cause of our disasters needs inspection.

The ship *Aurora* had been wrecked a week,
And all the dead that washed ashore were buried,
While our poor native had begun to seek
Some place on earth where he should be less worried ;
His pagan thoughts of course he did not speak,
Still, through his late disasters he was flurried ;
In fact, he really wished himself at home,
On some lone isle, far out on ocean's foam.

To shape his homeward plans, he took a boat,
In hopes of rest and safety on his way ;
But while he steamed along so fast afloat,
In gilded cabins got up for display,
His better judgment went to taking note,
For hard luck made him thoughtful more than gay.
A fear came o'er him while he looked about,
So his much-needed rest was put to rout.

A life-preserver hung so near his berth,
It turned his thoughts on fire, or a collision ;
He knew he'd just have time to make its girth,
Should fire or water there lead death's division,
Both able agents to take him from earth,
For which sad plan he saw so much provision ;
The gilded cabins seemed a tinder box,
More dreadful than a sunken reef of rocks.

At length, exhausted, he fell in a doze ;
A wooden steamboat burning lit his dream,
Then in his ears a frightful yell arose,
Suggested by the loud steam-whistle's scream :
Then for awhile he gained a brief repose,
In which his fancy followed an extreme ;
He dreamt he'd gained a place safe to rely on,
Where all the boats that steamed were built of iron.

His iron boat was built on such a plan,
That danger from collision was controlled ;
How safe and swiftly o'er the waves she ran,
With water-tight compartments in her hold !
There was naught in her build the eye could scan,
For fire to feed on ; so all hearts were bold,
For should her bows or stern be knocked away,
She still would safely float on sea or bay.

It was a happy dream, and passing rare,
Because he felt such pleasure to be gliding
On Yankee waves, with so few things to scare,
While every one was feeling so confiding.
No mortal ever sailed so free from care,
O'er western waters, as he then was riding.
But when he woke and found his true condition,
He felt like one in danger of perdition.

The noise that woke him proved a dreadful crash !
A passing sail had struck them on the quarter !
It was, in fact, a most unlucky smash,
Because the boat would soon be under water ;
Besides the fires had caught the wooden trash,
So all was working for a dreadful slaughter ;
The passengers were fairly panic-stricken,
So dire death's agencies began to thicken.

Our gilded cabins, with their sumptuous fare,
Yield to their passengers a poor content ;
Their minds are full of grim and anxious care,
While they are on our splendid steamers pent ;
Sound an alarm, and all are in despair,
Where all is cocked and primed for accident.
While custom holds to dangers so satanic,
So long the people will give way to panic.

Our South Sea Islander again was caught :
He took this boat to join a ship for whaling ;
He saw so much of death and horror wrought,
While he was in the merchant service sailing,
He made his mind up never to be bought
For such poor pay, where death was so prevailing.
But civilized life again put him to pain,
Before he could his savage home regain.

We will not tell how many there were drowned ;
Old stories are not very entertaining,
So many later accidents astound

Our country every month, the public maiming.
Again the South Sea Islander has found
His life depended on aquatic training,
A lucky thing, because it gave a chance
For him to tell his iron steamboat trance.

How many travellers have dreamt or thought
Of safer modes of transit, scores of times !
But custom sets our better plans at naught, —
A cruel tyrant always working crimes,
Yet to strict justice never can be brought,
Although it meets exposure oft in rhymes ;
While man thinks safety is not worth its cost,
Both life and wealth are certain to be lost.

When we once get a boat on some great line,
A life-boat, safe from burning and from sinking,
And when the people this great treasure find,
We'll see them from old dangers gladly shrinking.
For safety has such comfort for the mind,
She'd get their patronage, as sure as thinking ;
If steamboat owners add this while they figure,
They'll find their dividends a good deal bigger.

Our South Sea Islander, so skilled and brave,
From cruel death again has had reprieve :
We left him last contending with the wave,
Where he new feats by swimming must achieve.
The steamboat left him o'er a watery grave,
While on his way enlightened life to leave ;
Our civilization worked him so much evil,
He feared its workings as he did the devil.

He reached the shore upon some broken spars ;
No passage hence by water could be found,
So he to gain his ship must take the cars, —
It seemed more safe to be on solid ground.
But then an accident our story mars ;
The life that death had tried so long to drown,
He took upon the rail the first attack,
Which shows his plans are best laid on the track.

Death had his traps so well set on the shore,
Our native's skill proved of but little use.
An ill-timed train full tilt upon him bore,
For which sad deed there was a poor excuse ;
While death made great additions to his score,
The public mind connived at the abuse,
And thought perhaps a public sacrifice
Of human blood would make the future wise.

For our poor native let us drop a tear,
A victim of our so-called civilization,
Its working ever gave him deadly fear,
And only serves to rhyme an explanation
How the foolhardy run their mad career ;
Although such facts are a bad consolation
To the poor sufferers we constant render
For human sacrifice with so much splendor.

Whoever travels on our iron rails
Well knows the danger of our wooden coaches ;
Whenever accident a crash entails,
With wooden weapons death makes dire approaches.
His victims oft with splinters he impales,
Or with a wood-fire, on our life encroaches ;
We see such things enacted every winter,
Though all know iron will not burn or splinter.

The sins of builders we oft realize,
E'en when they work with a regard to savings ;
Our cars, hotels, and boats so please the eyes,
They seem to satisfy our present cravings ;
But in them all a dreadful danger lies,
For they will burn just like a pile of shavings.
How many cities must we lose, to learn
The simple fact that seasoned wood will burn !

It is but lately we learn from the press,
A fire-proof play-house has been built in Florence,
While here our builders have been put to stress,
To get a doorway with a breadth that warrants
A panic-stricken audience egress,
From wooden playtraps all hold in abhorrence.
A fire-proof house would give such safe delight ;
It would not need wide avenues for flight.

An iron age of safety on us peers ;
It's working now 'gainst custom and expense, —
Two sorry evils causing many tears,
The last a lie, the first a lack of sense,
Which once passed by all look back to with sneers,
While no one cares to argue their defense ;
It's hard to judge how custom rules to-day,
For want of stand-point to make our survey.

Our wooden fabrics must give way ere long,
For our wide forests are fast disappearing ;
So this privation may correct a wrong
Which now with life is sadly interfering.
The iron age that's coming, safe and strong,
Is one good sign the future shows that's cheering,
To recompense the loss of our grand woods,
Which temper seasons, and keep back the floods.

But while our custom works for fire and wrecks,
And waits for fate to make us more secure, —
A state of things which on our sense reflects,
Besides the tax on those who now insure, —
We need this trite old adage for our text :

An ounce preventive is worth pounds of cure.
Once let the people this grand truth conceive,
We'll have less cause from accidents to grieve.

YANKEE DOODLE.

WE Yankee folks are mighty smart,
We beat the world for working,
And when we trade among ourselves
Are shrewd as foxes lurking.

And then what genius we possess
To get up new inventions ;
We beat the world in this respect ;
God bless our good intentions !

But we have faults like other folks,
Which keep us all unquiet ;
The grand one is extravagance,
It's no use to deny it.

Our wealth runs from us just as free
As Mississippi water ;
Adown whose stream gay fashion floats
Until the shoals have caught her.

The Old World says that all our strife
Is just to hoard up dollars ;
A bigger lie yet ne'er was told
By their calumnious scholars.

If dollars only were our aim,
Should we not all grow wealthy ?
But spending free for foreign trash
Is sad besides unhealthy.

The plain fact is, we toil and scheme
To pay the importation
Of gewgaw cargoes from abroad,
Too many for relation.

Our dear home lands we sweat to death,
As well as our soul cases,
In raising cargoes of produce
To swap for silks and laces.

How soon the gold our miners dig
Is shipped o'er the Atlantic !
With every dollar we can get, —
A drain that seems gigantic.

Thus we poor Yankees work like slaves,
Exhausting lands and talents,
Just to support a foolish pride,
And shopping bills to balance.

The most our foreign commerce does —
It seems a thousand pities —
Is to exhaust our lands and cash,
And build consuming cities.

The merchants suck our country's veins
Like thirsty foreign leeches,
And then disgorge to other lands, —
Is what experience teaches.

And what returns do we all get
To pay us for our bleeding,
But gaudy goods to trick out pride,
Our spendthrift vices feeding ?

How can we prodigals expect
To take good heartfelt pleasure,
While we exhaust land, strength, and time,
And squander all our treasure !

If we keep buying foreign trash
To rig out silly bodies,
And fill our homes with anxious strife,
It seems we must be noddies.

Why should good, honest, Christian folks
Seek comfort in such striving ;
Just for the sake of empty show,
To always be contriving !

Our women — bless their winning charms !
Who occupy high places,
Now lead the people with their pride
On most unhappy races.

Of course the people will look up
To those in higher station,
To set examples for the world
While on their brief probation.

This makes high life responsible
For every poor relation ;
On whose examples much depends
Society's salvation.

Then let the leaders of our modes
Set up some tasty standard,
So to relieve both high and low
From wasting wealth now squandered.

We need dress suited for our times,
Artistic, plain, and winning ;
Which rich and poor could always wear,
And keep the good from sinning.

What time and labor it would save,
To be so well protected
That good folks, in their well kept suits,
Could feel safe and respected !

To do this thing we all depend
Upon our wealthy women ;
How easy they could matters mend
By being just in trimming.

But as it is, false fashions lead ;
What foolish shapes they borrow,
Extravagance and vice to breed,
And fill our homes with sorrow !

Then let us all have higher aims
Than living slaves to fashion ;
Health, comfort, riches then will come,
In place of foolish passion.

We seem like folks with lands entailed,
Besides an income summing,
But squander all, exhausting land,
And cheat the heir that's coming.

Our fathers did not live so mean ;
They taught us self-denial ;
They took pride in their country's good,
Though fraught with pain and trial.

They gained this virgin land for us
By hardship, toil, and fighting,
And told us how to govern it, —
What task was more inviting.

Instead of taking their advice,
We quarrel with each other,
While all the world is cheating us,
And foolish fashions bother.

For justice and for liberty
We are brave and patriotic,
But slow to keep our country's wealth,
Like nations more despotic.

O let us all our home land love,
And husband its resources,
So our descendants for all time
Can praise our honest courses.

October, 1860.

OUR LIVING WORLD.

How grand appears the life of our great world,
With all its gain in intellectual strength !
Although in mind apparently in youth,
What mighty changes have swept o'er its face !
Have not the oceans rolled o'er all the lands ?
Were not the deep seas once vast continents ?
Have not all parts of earth been icy poles,
And then again been warmed with torrid heat ?
Is there a drop of water in the sea
So deep it may not catch a gleam of light,
That hath not been, and yet will go again,
On wonder-working and life-giving rounds ?
Will it not yet float in the atmosphere,
And serve to form the brilliant soaring clouds,
Or robe the tempest with dire threat'ning shapes ?
Will it not yet refresh the fragrant rose,
And form the juices of earth's richest fruits,
And course the veins of many human forms, —
As it hath done in prehistoric times,
Which gave crude life to men who knew no God,
Or thought of future happiness or woe ;
Who first displayed their human tact and skill
In shaping wood and stone to cruel forms
To kill their neighbors, so that they might feast
Like some wild beasts upon their kindred blood :
Dark early times, before man's selfishness
Had thought to hide his dead in secret graves,
Or massive tombs, from renovating life !
Yet all the dead strewn broadcast o'er the land,
Or in the caverns of the deepest seas,
Will have their resurrection in good time,
And live again a round of wondrous life.
How much of thought to-day has been the work

Of brains long years ago ? yet so improved
In modern garb and style, 'twould scarcely seem
To fit the early cause that gave it birth.
Then who shall fear that souls will not be saved,
Without regard to selfish schemes and plans ?
Has not each ancient text been magnified,
Instead of dwarfed, to suit the present hour ?
Have we not now the sum of all mankind,
Their learning, arts, economy, and thrift,
Through all the ages they have lived and died ;
And has not science now commenced to turn
The leaves of nature's book, to read the past,
And forged the keys of earth's vast treasure house,
And found the rich deposits time has made
Of light and heat, and wealth as yet untold ?
Have not the elements been made to work
Like able servants for the good of man ?
Is not intelligence e'er gaining strength,
Thus making earth appear a living form,
While telegraphic nerves are being strung
Through all far-reaching lands, and spreading seas,
So all the world responds to ruling thought ?
Then let us trust, with pleasing confidence,
The great Creator's power that shapes all things,
Who gave us life to form a certain part
Of the grand whole of our great living world ;

IMMORTALITY OF CHANGE.

THE life of matter always was ;
There's nothing mortal on the earth.
The life that moves us proves a force
That works an everlasting birth.

To mind how wonderful it is
That life has such an endless range ;
To know our substance undergoes,
Here on the earth, a constant change !

Our essence has been, from all time,
Alive in nature's common cause ;
And now in human shape it forms
The masterpiece of nature's laws.

Thus every earthly form that lives,
Is wedded to a thinking soul,
To form the sum of one grand life,
Spread o'er the earth from pole to pole.

The mind is lost in tracing out
What once our bodies here have been ;
There's not a life in this wide world
With which we are not all akin.

So while we live in human form,
Each thought and breath a change doth show
Our senses are but notes of change ;
There's change in everything we know.

In all the future of the world,
Our bodies naught to death can give.
The mortal is immortal still,
Through constant change it still will live.

Why should we seek within the grave,
To contemplate a resting-place ?
For every thoughtful mind must know,
It's but a change in life's long race.

Both land and sea have given up
Ten thousand generations dead ;
This constant resurrection proves
That life has naught from death to dread.

The sun, and moon, and all the stars
On endless life forever shine ;
Death is no victor over life,
The grave can never be his shrine.

Our substance, given to the breeze,
All o'er the world new life revives ;
Thus mind and body will go on,
The common stock of future lives.

A birth is only age restored.
The thoughts we grow cannot escape ;
Mind grows with life, from age to age,
While generations give it shape.

Thoughts live in truths that cannot die,
And gain in strength while they survive ;
With death the triumph does not lie,
For earth's best blood is e'er alive.

Our mystic spirit called the soul,
Which carries mind through time and space,
Goes back to join the powers that gave,
In hope to fill a higher place.

This hope is sound, for all we see
Is part of an eternal course,
So that we feel the soul must be
A portion of an endless force.

And when it leaves our changing world,
Will all not go on changing still?
Imagination ne'er can draw
The situations it may fill.

1866.

THE TOILER.

FOR years he's floated on life's deep,
And stemmed its tide with heavy oars ;
A weary time he's had to keep
His boat in sight of hopeful shores.

He has on board a precious freight,
Depending on his anxious toil ;
His health and strength decides their fate,
For down the stream the rapids boil.

The dangers down stream look so dread,
He cannot slack his tiring stroke,
No wealth has he in sails to spread,
So he must bear life's heavy yoke.

Fain would he rest his weary task,
To note the pleasures of the stream,
And in the sunlight careless bask,
Or view the sunny ripples' gleam.

But he is doomed to constant toil,
While riches glide with sunny sails ;
They seem to have no weary moil,
But waft along with pleasant gales.

To him they seem a happy crew,
With plenty in a world of ease,
As glad as fancy ever drew, —
The fairest vision labor sees.

Yet his poor crew must watch the tide,
To see how well he meets its force,
While wealth and pleasure onward glide,
And careless view his anxious course.

At times they note his toiling way,
And mark the distance he may hold ;
So wealth glides on to rest or play,
Comparing human toil to gold.

December, 1870.

OUR SHIP OF STATE.

THE great ship of state our fathers constructed
Was deemed the best model that mankind had known ;
Her builders, 'twas thought, were rightly conducted
By all the best moulders the Old World had shown.

On time's stormy sea majestic she floated ;
New, lofty, and strong to the world she appeared.
Commanded by minds to freedom devoted,
For years o'er the ocean she gallantly steered.

With hopes of the free her huge hulk was freighted,
But still there embarked at her launch, with her crew,
Poor bondsmen to serve for people related
To tyrants who ever to evil are true.

She spread out her sails and drew admiration,
While wafting a cargo of value untold,
But still to annoy each administration
The stench from her bondsmen arose from her hold.

To freedom and right the nuisance grew nauseous,
But slaveholders ever would hold to their claim ;
Besides, her commanders, timid and cautious,
On builders and freighters would cast all the blame.

Her slave-holding crew soon lost all devotion
For liberty's flag, waving mast-head so long,
For freedom, they saw, grew strong for promotion,
And freedom they knew had a hate for the wrong.

Now freedom had long neglected the steering,
The sea was so gentle, and distant the sands ;
But still all the while vast dangers were nearing,
Her course being guided by mutinous hands.

With discontent rife they steered for the breakers ;
The reefs of secession were close by the lee ;
In mutinous sin were many partakers,
But still not sufficient to shipwreck the free.

For when the dire waves came roaring and frowning,
We rushed to the steerage, the dear craft to save ;
We tacked the good ship, and saved all from drowning,
Her flag waving high for the free and the brave.

But O ! what a strife, what deadly commotion,
Our freedom contested her steerage to sway !
The mutineers fought with hellish devotion,
So long they had managed to have their own way.

Her decks were all gore with the blood of the nation ;
O'er time's rugged ocean her wake followed red ;
Thus patriot arms have worked out probation,
Yet millions of hearts now are mourning the dead.

Our ship holds her course, each danger abating ;
Each mutinous army our warriors have broke.
Her state-rooms are cleansed by free ventilating,
Each slave-deck is fumed by war's sulphurous smoke.

While kingdoms with hate and envy were burning,
And petting the pirates that lurked in her wake,
Dependence on none our freedom was learning ;
No tyrants or traitors her bulwarks could shake.

Our great ship of state is saved from destruction :
Praise God for the pilots who steered us through harm !
Praise God for the brave and the true, our protection !
May we ne'er again have such cause for alarm.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE people chose this humble, honest name
To lead the nation in its trying hour ;
What traits had he such dignity to claim, —
The highest yet attained through human power ?

The country had its thousands such as he,
Men known for principle in upright ways ;
Still he was called a fit man for the free,
To lead them through rebellion's fearful days.

He had a manly feeling, cheerful heart,
And wish to do the right to all mankind ;
This made him strong to carry on his part,
And do the heavy task to him assigned.

He bore a weary load ; the people saw
The pressing weight which they had on him lain ;
The strong support of constituted law
Was seen to fail, yet he did not complain,

But firmly stood beneath rebellion's weight,
With mournful heart, yet with a cheerful face :
His Christian soul ne'er knew what 'twas to hate,
Through all his strife to free a weaker race.

The people, worried by the bloody war,
Looked to their chief to see 'twas not in vain ;
So staunch and true he proved to freedom's law,
They willing filled his call for each campaign.

His brave yet careful soul gave freedom force ;
A strong man at the helm, with skill to steer,
By truth and justice he so shaped his course,
The wise soon saw success in his career.

The people learned to love their toiling chief,
His quaint advice, and wit, and patient cheer :
And when they saw he felt their heavy grief,
With them he stood alone, without a peer.

Rebellion and its friends were filled with dread,
While to the contest freedom onward rushed.
Their doom was sealed if prudence further led ;
He held his place, and evil hopes were crushed.

Good, honest man, his mighty task is done.
He crossed war's raging gulf to meet his death ;
A victor just, with malice towards none,
For human rights he yielded up his breath.

A flood of grief o'erwhelmed the nation's heart
E'en mid the buoyancy of victories gained,
It was so hard from the good chief to part,
Such hold of minds his virtues had obtained.

Thus mad rebellion sealed its wicked cause
With murder foul as evil minds could plan ;
It stains the hands of all who broke the laws,
To overthrow the liberties of man.

Though murder brought his body to the tomb,
What name on earth is now so much alive ?
His lustrous fame no time will ever gloom ;
His name, with freedom, ever will survive !

May, 1865.

THE SUSPICIONS OF SCIENCE.

It has been suspected by science of late,
That man long ago was an ape in formation ;
In truth, it has proved it so oft in debate,
We all know of something to show such relation.

While science is reading the leaves of earth's book,
Which holds the strange secrets of much we inherit
We grow more astonished the longer we look,
For nature, though tardy, works faster than spirit.

For nature has worked man up now to a place,
We doubt with some reason the guesses of science ;
But when to his mental condition we face,
The new apish doctrine soon gains more reliance.

To customs and fashions how many are apes !
What tails we yet draggle of old superstitions !
Yea ! minds wearing bodies of beautiful shapes
Still carry the tails of old fabled traditions.

Let science continue exploring God's page,
And read us such facts his finger has printed ;
Let reason and knowledge and truth be our gauge,
So not in old teachings to be always stinted.

December, 1869.

THE YANKEE SOLDIER.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

I AM a native Yankee born,
So proud of my great nation,
The kingdoms of the world I scorn,
With all their rank and station.

I grew up to the nation's tune
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy,
All tyranny fast to impugn,
And every wrong to bandy.

Our independence made me proud ;
Each Fourth of July training,
A brave oration cheered the crowd,
Our rights and strength explaining.

Those themes I heard in uniform,
Which fired my Yankee spirit ;
Despotic power I fain would storm,
Its lords to disinherit.

To hear loud Yankee Doodle's strain
I went to yearly muster,
Beneath the Yankee flag to train, —
Its stars a glorious cluster.

Its stars, I loved them one and all,
A glorious symbol, showing
A band of States both great and small,
In power and numbers growing.

Yes, growing so surprising fast,
The world's despotic powers,
With apprehensions look aghast, —
Each old dynasty cowers.

My love of country made me hate
Secession and its raving,
Which would, for pelf and sway of state,
Make freedom less than slaving.

O, what contempt I had for minds
Not large enough for loving
Each foot of ground within our lines,
All local rule disproving !

And when I saw the southern rim
Of our grand constellation
With slavery was growing dim,
It pained my contemplation.

On this encroaching tempest cloud
I gazed with angry wonder,
For liberty it vain would shroud,
Charged with its rebel thunder.

But still I felt the North was true,
And rebels full of bluster ;
No " norther " o'er the South e'er blew,
So strong as we could muster.

So I looked on quite entertained,
While deadly war was brewing ;
I somehow thought 'twas partly feigned,
Its real fact eschewing.

But when on Sumter's walls they dealt
The madness so long making,
Like an electric shock I felt
My warring spirit waking.

Each Yankee heart was all aglow !
Excitement was amazing !
To give our feelings lofty show,
We had a grand flag raising.

'Twas then I 'listed to go South
To fight for our great nation ;
I fain would face the cannon's mouth
For liberty's salvation.

But when I donned the nation's blue,
It seemed I must be going
To some state muster or review,
With martial pleasure glowing.

To camp I went with pride and zest,
But still it hurt my feelings
To part from mother and the rest,
For love made strong revealings.

But Yankee Doodle's lively song
Soon roused my martial courage,
So fast we went o'er railroads long,
We could not stop to forage.

But when I gained the rebel soil,
New things I soon detected ;
Amid the army's huge turmoil,
I met things unexpected.

The vast array of Yankee strength,
In numbers so appalling,
Brought down my local pride a length,
With egotism sprawling.

I found a hundred thousand men,
With officers so plenty,
Our colonels counting hundreds, when
Our generals were twenty.

And what was I among the crowd,
With no marks on my shoulder ?
If Yankee might still made me proud,
I was a meek beholder.

I found 'twas not all show and play, —
The land was hot and dusty ;
And with the toil of soldier life
I soon grew tanned and rusty.

Besides, the fighting did not seem
So grand as fancy wrought it ;
A soldier's life was not the dream
My muster days had thought it.

War proved the very worst of work,
In march and trench so wearing ;
On picket duty death would lurk,
From every cover staring.

But still I was in honor bound
To serve the time enlisted ;
I took a cool look at the ground,
And all weak thoughts resisted.

Yes, I must stay, and brave it through ;
No man could act the coward ;
Our homes would scorn us if not true,
Or if by foes o'erpowered.

I thought, What if the rebels win,
All hope and pride erasing !
What Yankee could survive the sin,
Of such a foul disgracing !

So I fought through each hard campaign,
Bore wounds in prisons hideous,
Yet did not feel I could complain
Of war, so long and tedious.

For I had learned to comprehend
A mighty game was playing ;
The rights of man I saw depend
On fighting, more than praying.

So like all Yankees bound to win,
I business made of fighting,
And in my toiling, patient way
Fought on, the rebels smiting.

And when my first call was served out
Again I reënlisted,
To win the cause so bravely fought,
By evil long resisted.

And win I did, through toil and blood,
Though comrades loved now moulder
From wounds and sickness brave withstood,
While honors grace my shoulder.

Those honors do not seem so fine
As those at war's beginning ;
I've seen too much to sadden me,
To glory much in winning.

But when I think how sin relied
On this dark, bloody quarrel,
And freedom all its strength defied,
And bore away the laurel ;

Then my heart feels an honest glow,
The dear old flag is waving
O'er every State where free men died,
Our glorious country saving.

1866.

OUR MARINE SERVICE.

A GENERATION back, I ween,
We felt more pride in our marine
 Than rules to-day ;
The school that trained bold Farragut,
And many other sailors true,
 Seems less to sway.

Shall States now grown so large and grand
To hold an ocean with each hand
 Lose their old pride ?
Is now our country's heart in shore
So far, its skill shall strive no more
 To rule the tide ?

Do all who boast of what was done
To keep our nation's glory one,
 Well realize
The real worth of our blockade,
An effort grand as e'er was made
 For freedom's prize ?

Our fleets, that once all oceans coursed,
And from their depths a living forced,
 Are they in health ?
The heavy freights our ships once brought,
Has not the foreigner now sought,
 To gain our wealth ?

May our young men, like those of yore,
Brave ocean fleets launch from the shore
 And hold the place
Their fathers worthily obtained ;
A prouder fame men ne'er yet gained,
 Their times to grace.

SONNETS.

THE STRENGTH OF TRUTH.

Do not forget what Milton wisely said,
That truth in strength is next Almighty God.
This being so, shall we discussion dread,
Though every creed is doomed upon the sod ?
Shall truth fear arguments by error led,
And like weak superstition fearful plod,
Or skulk in ambush, or with walls hedge in ?
No, truth unfearing moves by different laws ;
Fair play is all it needs its way to win.
Then let us know the soundness of our cause
In open combat with all kinds of sin,
And test the wisdom of all human saws.
Let truth and error battle face to face,
So truth can win salvation for our race.

GENIUS COMPARED TO A STAR.

LIKE a fixed star is genius in its sphere,
Forever shining with its own strong light ;
Yet minds, like planets, may revolve more near
With their reflecting rays, and to the sight
Of those within their system often seem
To be as bright as real suns appear,
Who in their lofty distance brilliant gleam
In space, beyond the borrowed lights that cheer.
Yet all deriving lights are easy known ;
For while the world moves on among the stars,
They change position, altitude, and tone ;
Though many may be fiery as Mars,
Yet without self-sustaining, constant signs,
However bright they seem, are borrowed minds.

January, 1864

RETROSPECTION.

IN working life's rough, tedious journey through,
We oft look back from some fatiguing hill
Where all the toiling past is brought in view ;
What trying things our anxious eyes now fill !
We see the lucky paths we might have took,
Which lead to ease or honor, wealth or fame, —
The very ones our early faith forsook :
While this we trod is toiling, mean, or tame.
If we were led on this disheartening road
By the allurements evil always shows,
Well may we feel our life a heavy load,
Which more and more oppressive to us grows.
But if we've followed what we thought was right,
Good conscience serves to make our burdens light.

January, 1867.

OCTOBER.

O GLORIOUS month ! the proudest of the year,
The consummation of a season's strife,
In bright and solemn grandeur you appear
To crown the full success of nature's life !
Your gorgeous mantle robes each forest hill,
And valleys smile beneath your hazy skies ;
Your lakes and streams now show their magic skill,
Reflecting beauty to enchanted eyes.
But O how brief are all our glories here,
For death is working with a busy hand
To undo all that serves to give us cheer,
Soon ending all by man or nature planned !
But still you are a power, however brief,
Which screens at present all our future grief.

October, 1867.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER's dreary landscape now is here,
And cold winds sighing, with heart-glooming sound,
Their requiem o'er summer's brief career,
While dead leaves strew the bleak, deserted ground.
The chilling blast, and nature's dismal gloom,
Drive back the mind within its own resource,
To live upon such stores we've garnered home,
Which yields the heart a sad or cheerful force.
And so it is upon life's changing stage :
Should all our prime be spent in foolish joys,
How poor will be our lot when comes old age
With nothing harvested but worthless toys !
Then let us treasure virtues for the heart,
To give us cheer when fleeting joys depart.

November, 1869.

APPRECIATION.

O JUST appreciation, God's best gift,
Which holds the deepest passions of the soul,
And causes strong ability to lift
Its mind above mean things life to unfold !
Without its presence genius scarce would rise,
An actor on life's elevated stage ;
It probes the depths where silent virtue lies,
And notes the thoroughness of nature's gauge ;
It forms the atmosphere of most we love,
The breath of friendship, poetry, and art ;
It holds the space below, and space above,
Of all the workings of the human heart :
The greatest talent granted under heaven,
The only fit reward to merit given.

SELFISHNESS OF SOUL.

How inconsistent oft appears the creed,
That naught but man shall live beyond the grave !
Too much on this the love of self doth feed,
While animals, affectionate and brave,
And nature's bloom, so fitted to refine, —
All such pure life it easily doth waive,
Engrossing with its selfishness the line
Of endless future. Is naught else fit to save ?
Why should a life of eager selfishness,
Without one seeming good, unbiased trait,
Claim immortality ? Can justice guess,
And leave good instincts to a short-lived fate ?
If nature's blooms and faithful instincts perish,
Why should ignoble life a future cherish ?

GOOD THOUGHTS THE JEWELS OF LIFE.

THE life of man appears a magic string,
Where thoughts like beads are every moment caught,
To mark the values of its earthly ring,
And show how great or mean the soul has wrought.
In early years we file our childish joys,
Until our stronger manhood, growing wise,
Craves prouder jewels than life's simple toys,
To show the world's appreciating eyes.
So, when the round of life is made complete,
It's well to show a centre piece of worth,
To taper off with age all fit to meet
The simple joys which first began at birth.
For every soul in future may be bound
To wear the symbols of its earthly round.

September, 1870.

THE UNION OF MIND WITH NATURE.

OFT when alone with wilderness or deep
We mingle with the universe, and feel
Ourselves the intellect of earth's great sweep,
How grand the life this transfer doth reveal.
Our world's a body then, possessed of mind,
Which notes the compass of its skyey sphere,
And speculates on all that's brought to bind
Its many parts, to form its grand career.
Then all the lives of nature take their part ;
All vegetation, animals, and seas
Work in their unison to one great heart, —
A vast, harmonious whole, where each agrees
To fill its portion of a wondrous life, —
Fit for the round of an eternal strife.

May, 1871.

THE CRUELTY OF NECESSITY.

O STERN necessity ! what cruel power
You exercise against the life of man !
How many conquered souls before you cower ;
With what persistency you crush each plan !
It's hard to have our tenement of clay
Besieged by such relentless, cruel force !
Our minds are starved by your consuming sway,
And lives cut off from every rich resource ;
Our time is taxed by a continued war,
So that our souls to poverty are doomed.
E'en genius cannot always break your law ;
To such as those there is a double gloom,
Because they know so much they could enjoy,
Did you not constant give them mean employ.

June, 1864.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

ON our eventful voyage of human life,
We have with us a large and motley crew ;
All navigators on a sea of strife,
And all in hopes to see the whole voyage through.
But while we labor on, what change is wrought !
The old and able hands soon find their port,
And leave to us the charge of toil and thought,
While younger voyagers constantly report.
With such we sail life's sea so swiftly on,
The young soon gaining all our strength and skill,
Because the log is left of all that's gone,
And older hands are teaching with a will.
So may our journals prove a fit resource,
To help the future shape its onward course.

February, 1864.

A WINTER'S DAY.

O WINTER, how magnificent you show,
To grace the morning of this favored day !
Adorned in robes of dazzling white, you glow
Beneath the sky with wonderful display,
While in the slanting sunlight forest hills,
Like waves of diamonds, shine with splendid glare.
So pure and clear the atmosphere, it fills
My body with delight to breathe the air !
My breath floats from me like a silver cloud,
The only thing that moves amid the clear.
Who calls earth's mantle now a dismal shroud ?
It's more the bridal robes of the new year,
Which must be wedded to the barren earth,
To consummate in time spring's joyous birth.

January 12, 1865.

THE SEASONS.

TIME, on its silent march from year to year,
Would scarce impress, with its monotony,
Did not the seasons in its train appear,
And give its journey their variety.
First infant spring, in scanty robes arrayed,
With tears and smiles soon our affection gains :
Then summer lovely as a bridal maid,
With rich attire and fragrant breath, obtains
Our admiration till her beauties fade :
Then autumn, like a mother rich in gold,
With lavish bounty swells our gratitude :
Then winter comes, like age so stiff and cold ;
Upon the dying year he doth intrude
With snowy shrouds, dead nature's corpse to fold.

April, 1857. Equator, Long. 35° W.

THE CONSERVATIVE MIND.

How strange it seems to minds by nature free,
To see men bound to the sheer circumstance
Of early teaching ! whatsoe'er it be,
Beyond its range they never can advance ;
However learned, they yet are copies still ;
To previous accident forever bound,
They work a life-time, with ingenious will,
To strengthen more the walls which hedge them round.
Mohammedan, or Greek, or other creed,
No matter where their fortunes have been cast,
On that same grazing-ground their souls must feed.
Thus walled and hampered ever by the past
They have no stand-point out of their old grounds,
To see what truth there is outside their bounds.

THE FIRST THOUGHT OF BETRAYS.

THE night was calm and earthly objects dim,
And life seemed resting from the things that tire,
When lo ! above the horizon's dark rim
A light burst forth ! I first thought it was fire ;
But as it rose above the distant hill,
It proved to be the moon, to give me cheer,
Instead of fire, which first gave me a thrill
Through the impulsion of a sudden fear.
And so it seems when new reforms arise,
With shapes at first alarming to the mind ;
But soon they prove so gentle to our eyes,
We feel ashamed we ever were so blind.
Let us have care ; the first thought oft betrays,
And makes us fear things that should win our praise.

THE SHADES OF DEATH.

THE shades of death all loving souls make sad ;
For then the windows of our senses blind,
Through which we know all things that make life glad,
And all the light we have to grow our mind.
The brightest hope of heaven in the soul
Can only recompense the dread of death ;
And most that wish to win that happy goal
Would still like to retain their mortal breath.
And why ? Because in that all yielding throw
We risk each pleasing sense which we now own ;
We dread to change for what we do not know,
For often we have not for heaven sown ;
If so, with our great loss of all that's here,
It is not strange we have regret and fear.

THE WORTH OF SORROW.

OUR sorrows cloud our minds like heavy rain ;
In gloomy storms upon our lives they fall ;
Our bright and happy days seem lived in vain,
While those dark tempests our gay lives appall.
Though heavy grief sinks down into the heart,
Still our affections deeper growth obtain —
A growth our pleasant days could never start,
Or even in our joyful moments feign.
Thus sorrow is to man of real worth ;
It gives to us a deep and firmer hold
Of friendship's soil, and rears on earth
A love and trust and tenderness untold,
Whose strong roots are deep feeling, while it drowns
The heartless pleasures of life's trifling rounds.

INCONGRUITY.

'TWAS on a pleasant early April day,
When streams were running full of melted snow ;
Upon the lea where sunshine gained the sway,
I saw a butterfly resplendent glow,
Apparent seeking for the flowers of May :
But all in vain it wandered to and fro ;
Its brilliant wings flew o'er a dreary way,
For not a flower to rest its flight would show.
It made me think of minds above their sphere,
Whose poor surroundings seldom please their taste.
Their world is poorly fitted for their cheer,
So that their brilliant souls oft seem misplaced.
They seek congeniality in vain,
While worthy longings keep their lives in pain.

LIFE AND MIND.

MAN's life is spun a fine and brittle thread,
Sharp pointed by that subtle needle, mind,
While in its way a world of thoughts are led ;
Yet quite too oft it proves to pierce them blind :
Then what a sorry string for life they seem !
And then again, with seeming happy care,
The needle pierces gems of precious gleam !
Thus life takes on the worthless, rich, and rare,
Yet as a seeker it can only choose
From what there is within its fated course,
Which makes us feel how much a life may lose,
When circumstances rob the mind's resource.
Alas ! how many minds are never taught
To know the value of a precious thought !

POETRY.

O POETRY, what powers you have combined,
To mirror nature's every hue and shape,
To form a background for the acting mind,
So it can on the stage successful ape
The scenes and passions we in life most feel !
At times your scenery gives such effect
That nature seems the thing you would reveal,
But in your finest efforts we detect
The mind is what you'd have us more admire.
It's then you show the genius of your art,
Portraying things which gifted souls inspire ;
And when taste moves the whole to do their part,
The choicest things in nature then are brought
To clothe with grace the acting force of thought.

NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 10.

Since writing this sonnet I have learned that similar thoughts have been given to the world by Margaret Fuller.

NOTE 2, PAGE 18.

This poem was composed after years of cruising over the stormy track described.

NOTE 3, PAGE 36.

The weedy sea discovered by Columbus on his first voyage to America comprises nearly a million square miles of ocean.

NOTE 4, PAGE 59.

The poem on the "Northeast Trade-winds" was published in the "Whalemens's Shipping List," November 22d, 1870, with the following remarks :—

In looking over the text-books used in our schools, treating on Physical Geography, there seems to be a lack of information in regard to the natural forces working to supply this country with rain. Thinking that my unusual experience in that direction may be of some value, I have here made a statement of the main facts for publication.

Having passed several years of sea-life on different oceans, in search of whales, a portion of my voyages have been spent in the Atlantic Ocean, especially in the belt of the Northeast Trade-winds, where a section of them sweeps over a breadth of ocean and sea, on a track over 1,000 miles wide of latitude, and a length of over 4,000 miles of longitude, reaching from Africa to Mexico, crossing the West India Islands, and a portion of Florida.

While cruising in this belt, off the coast of Africa, I often experienced a warm, dry wind, from the desert, always accompanied with a fine yellow dust, as light apparently as smoke, which I have known to extend a third of the way across the ocean, and so dense at times as to make the navigation dangerous around the islands off the coast, while the heat of the desert winds, converted into ocean Trades, was often scorching to vegetation on shore, besides causing a great

evaporation on that part of the ocean, probably the greatest ever taken from any portion of the globe. So much, in fact, while cruising in the longitude of 45° West, in mid-ocean, the atmosphere would become so loaded with moisture, it was often impossible to see whales spout, even when their backs were visible from the deck ; the atmosphere and spouts being so near alike in density and temperature, making it impossible to keep run of them ; a difficulty seldom experienced on other oceans, where a spout is as distinct as a puff of steam in clear weather ; while here they are rendered so invisible, as to give security to the largest breeding-places of the sperm whale in the Atlantic Ocean.

My cruises generally ended in zigzag courses, while drifting with the winds and currents of these humid Trades through the various passages of the West India Islands, where I saw a portion of the exceedingly moist atmosphere condensed by the mountains and precipitated ; yet with the remainder, I have been wafted on into the Gulf of Mexico, even to the mouth of the Mississippi River, where I resorted for supplies, while the humid winds passed on to water the great valley beyond.

I know it is generally supposed that the Northeast Trades, so called, precipitate their humidity on the northern coast of South America, and the eastern slope of Central America and Mexico ; which they do in part, and give those regions a thorough drenching ; but I also know from long experience, that the northern portion of the Trades often blow from the south of east, — so much so in fact, I have sailed from the vicinity of the West India Islands, making nearly an east course, two thirds of the distance across the ocean. In fact, the veering of the Trades will compare favorably with the great rain-storms that sometimes spread over a portion of the United States.

I have often thought that the West India Islands, extending as they do from the centre of the Trades, 1,500 miles to the northwest, may serve to divert a large amount of vapor in that direction. Thus it is reasonable to suppose that a portion of the evaporation of those desert-heated Trades is wafted over the United States, where the variable winds and the level nature of the country facilitate a wide and even distribution of rain. The evaporation being greatest in summer, the average fall of rain should generally be greater during that season. I am also led to believe that hurricanes, moving as they do from the centre of the great evaporation described, convey a large amount of vapor towards the United States. And that the heated winds from Sahara assist in keeping up the temperature of the Gulf Stream, as well as swelling its volume.

NOTE 5, PAGE 67.

The lines on the voyage of Columbus were written while searching for whales over the route pursued by him on his first voyage across the Atlantic.

NOTE 6, PAGE 74.

September 16th, saw weeds which appeared fresh, occasioning the belief that the ships were approaching some island. September 21st, large collection of weeds from the west. 22d, short interval without weeds. 23d, weeds plentiful, and so on up to the 8th of October. — *Journal of Columbus.*



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